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WASHINGTON

FREE PRESS

21¢
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MAY 30 1968



McNeill
1.26.69

digger CREED

MEETINGS ARE

INFORMATION
MEDITATION
EXPERIENCE
FUN
TRUST
REHEARSALS
DRAMA
HORSESHIT

MEETINGS ARE NOT

PUTTING PEOPLE DOWN



FOR

Shhhh!

LISTEN AT MEETINGS

Shhhh!

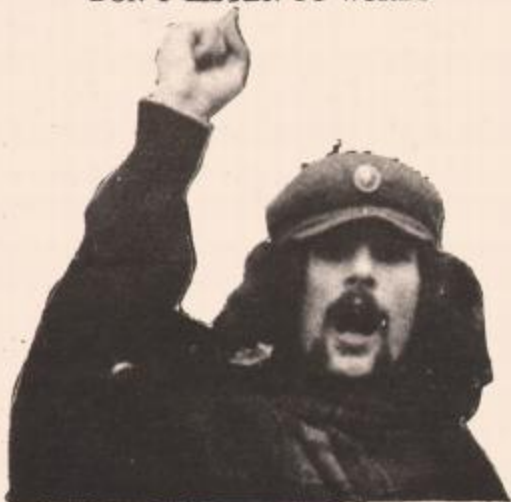
LISTEN TO eye movements
LISTEN TO scratching
LISTEN TO your head
LISTEN TO smells
LISTEN TO singing
LISTEN TO touches
LISTEN TO silence
LISTEN TO gestalt vibrations
LISTEN TO a baby born in the sea
LISTEN TO the writing on the wall

MEETINGS

by
free



DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS
DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS
DON'T LISTEN TO WORDS



meetings are life

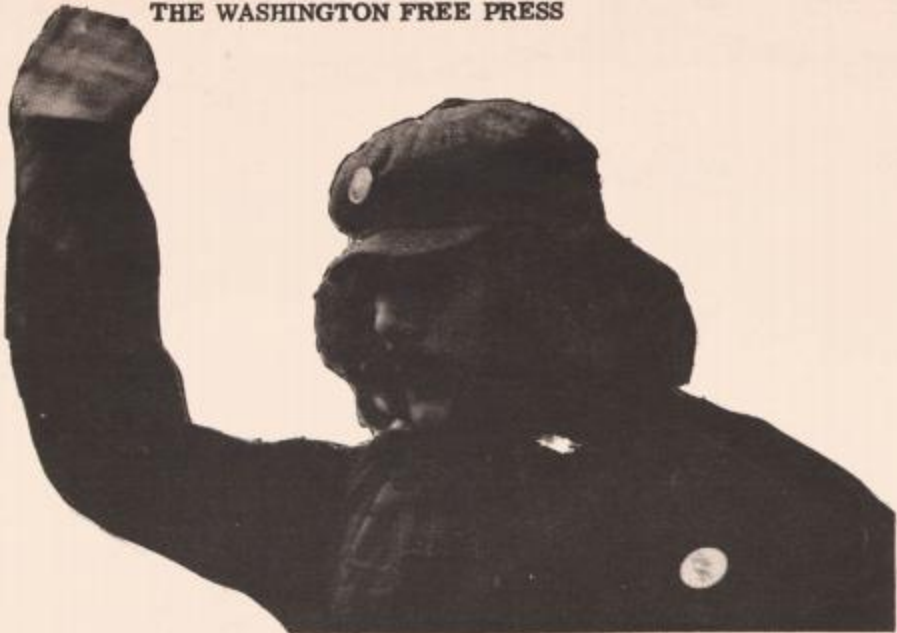
surrender to the meeting . . . the meeting is the message

MEETINGS ARE CONFRONTATION --
MEETINGS ARE RELAXATION --
DIG OTHER HEADS --
DIG YOUR HEAD

dig disrupters, dig poets, dig peacemakers, dig heads who mumble, dig heads who don't go to meetings, dig heads who fall asleep, dig andy kent, dig clowns, dig street fighters, dig heads who scribble on paper, dig hustlers, dig heads that admit they are wrong, dig heads that know they are right, dig doing, dig changes, dig holy men, DIG HEADS who do everything

AT MEETINGS DIG HEADS WHO DIG MEETINGS





all meetings are the same same same same same same
same same same same same same same -- DIFFERENT
meetings are rivers don't built dams



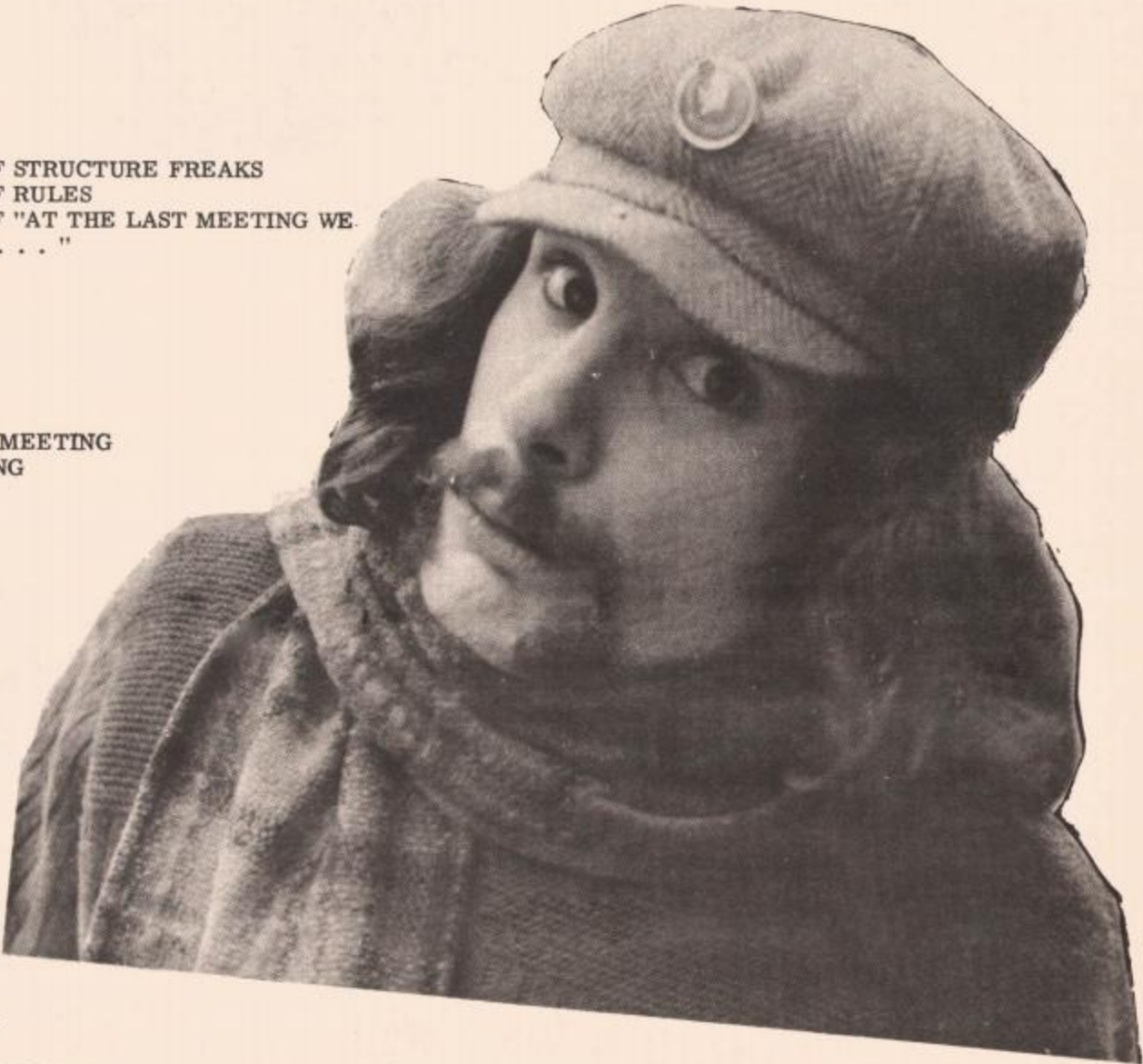
BEWARE OF STRUCTURE FREAKS
BEWARE OF RULES
BEWARE OF "AT THE LAST MEETING WE
DECIDED . . . "

DON'T GO BACK -- THERE WAS NO LAST MEETING
DON'T GO FORWARD -- THERE IS NOTHING

meetings are Now

you are the meeting

we are Now



WITHOUT MEETINGS THERE IS NO COMMUNITY
COMMUNITY IS UNITY
AVOID GANGBANGS . . . RAPE IDEAS NOT PEOPLE
MAKE LOVE AT ALL MEETINGS
MEETINGS TAKE A MOMENT -- Time is Fantasy --
MEETINGS TAKE FOREVER

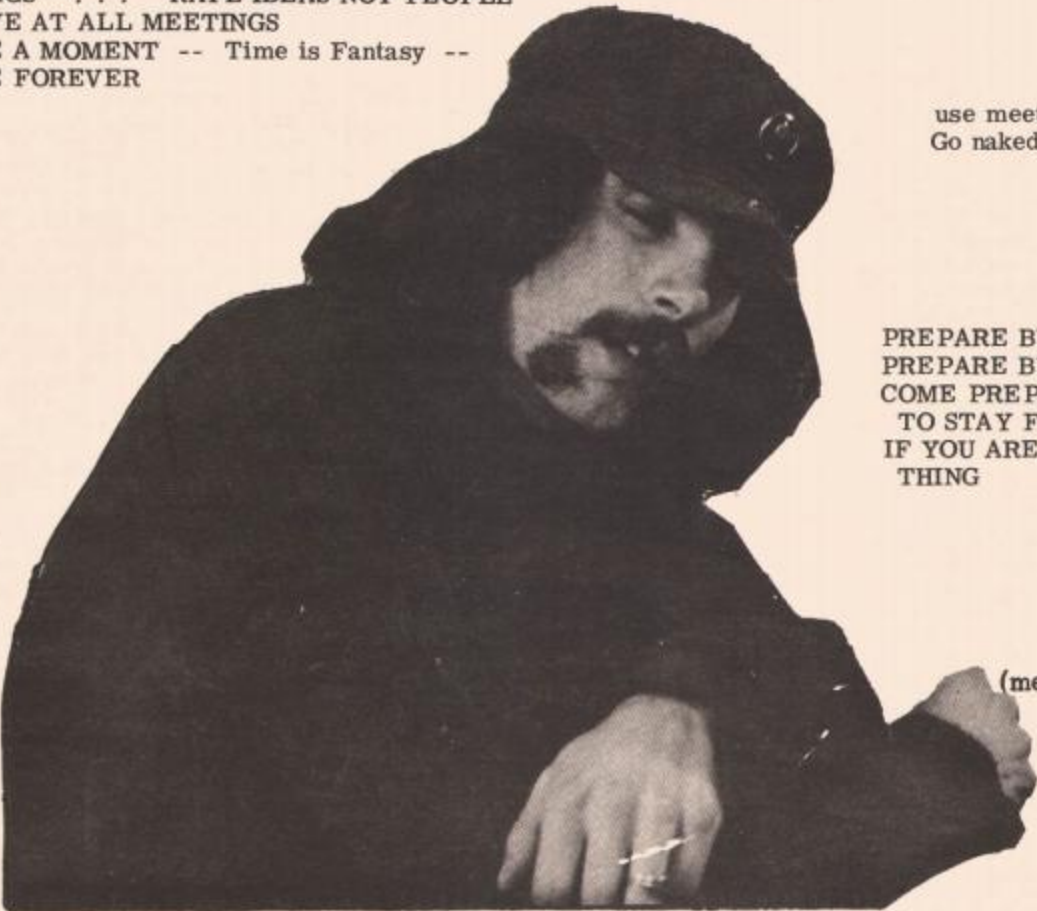
there is no WAY to run a meeting
use meetings to help you DO YOUR THING
Go naked to meetings -- Go high to meetings

BE PREPARED

PREPARE BY meditation
PREPARE BY doing
COME PREPARED TO DROP OUT -- COME PREPARED
TO STAY FOREVER
IF YOU ARE NOT PREPARED MEETINGS ARE NOT YOUR
THING

ONLY DO YOUR THING
mene, mene, tekell, upharsin

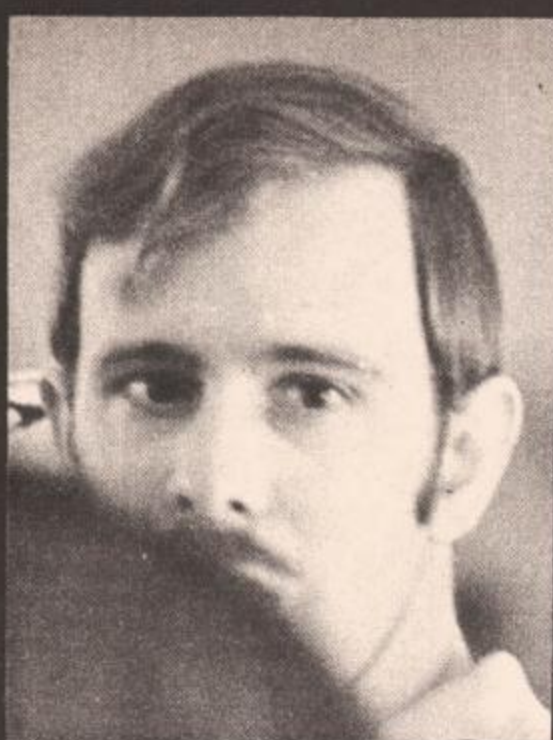
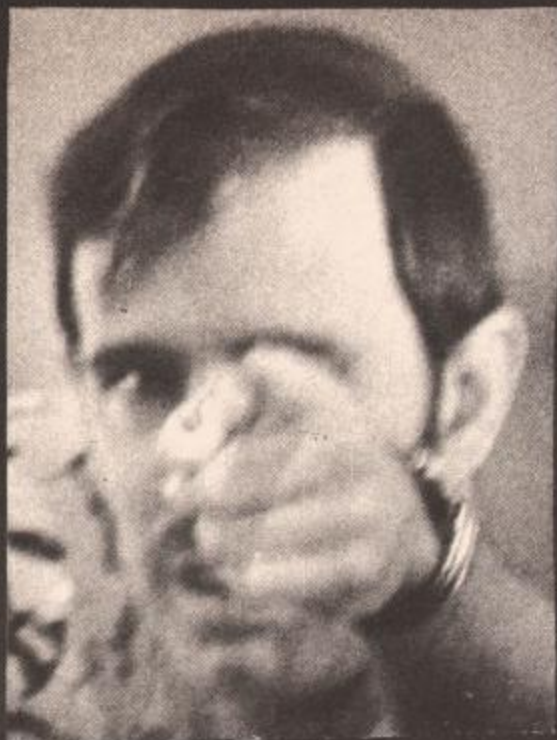
(meetings are a pain in the ass)



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in violation of all existing copyright
laws. Editor.

Photos by Michael Grossman

WANTED



LARRY ELLIOT

by Eddy P. Bonetti

It was along time coming, but we've finally got pictures of Larry Elliot. He's been doing us in for a bit to long and it's about time we stop letting him get away with it. Really study this punks face untill your sure you know it. As you can see in the pictures, he spotted the potographer. Now he's scared. He could start wearing a wig, cut his hair even more, shave sideburns and or moustache, or try any other hair thing he can think of. **KNOW HIS FACE!** He is about 5'9"; has auburn hair, wavy curl in front; very thin face; weighs around 135-145 lb.

Larry Elliot has got money. A true bourgeois pig, he drives a new Camaro and dresses in expensive ivy-league or mod styles.

Larry Elliot is a enemy of the people. He has committed crime after crime apon us. And yet when people hear he's around they run to clear the streets. If you see Elliot stash your dope and then take out after him. Yell and scream and let your brothers know he's there. Encircle him, trap him, piss on him, make a big scene, blow his cover, and dance on his ashes. If you have a more action packed plan of your own heres a tip; you can find this punk every Wednesday night at Wheaton Plaza Fairlanes Bowling Alley around 9:30. He's in the Men's Commercial League, Team J.

We have been a bunch of turds for letting Elliot jail our friends, and jail our friends, and jail our friends. But Larry Elliot is on the way out because every freak in Washington. knows his face now. Someone finally walked up and took his picture. Bam! His cover gone. He's going out, but who's coming in? The next punk should have his picture taken much sooner so we can continue to protect ourselves. The Free Press needs people to take pictures and send information on undercover narc's so we can keep spreading the word and smash these punks.

The W.F.P. and the whole community thank the anonymous photographer who sent these pictures.



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SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT WASHINGTON, D.C.

Sitting Out the DANCE

The U.S. Government has done it again! They have spent thousands of dollars of our money to tell themselves what we all have known all along. The newest Gov't. commission on violence, headed by Uncle Miltie Eisenhower, has received the report of one of its task forces: "It is safe to say that by now the only effective countermeasure against the bitterness that leads to violence would be a termination of the war in Viet Nam."

The report goes on to say that the only way to end student protests is to grant at least some of the demands. Black people will not be pacified by "law and order", and racist whites and militant blacks are likely to soon engage in a race war.

Thanks, fellas. This, like the oldie but goodie Walker "Police Riot" Report, is just some more of the shocking "Truth" about the Establishment sent down to us by Gov't. liberals. As I read it and get all excited about the exposure of the "Word," I almost forget that it takes very little effort for them to recognize the obvious for our sakes while doing nothing about it for their own. Is this "freedom of speech" or pacification of the Crazies and liberals? Or are those actually both the same thing?

Thanks, fellas. Now, one more time, ah-one, and ah-two, and ah-three...

RAMPANT BARNYARD

Pigs at large! The other night I and some other people were not allowed into the police station in Georgetown. We wanted to post bail for a guy who was busted on the street for passing out leaflets. While we were waiting outside, outraged, two good friends were brought in for hitch-hiking. The pigs still unlawfully held us outside of their station, threatening to bust us if we or any of us tried to come in. One of us called a lawyer to check on the law. Baby, a police station is not private property and they can't keep you out. So I went in. They tactfully ignored me.

Each weekend the occupying police forces in our neighborhoods harass people, discriminate against us, misuse and break the laws. When they did that to the Jews in Brooklyn, the angry local people patrolled the streets with shotguns and called themselves "Macabees". In the South, black "Deacons" did the same. We don't have guns, and it might be a bad idea to play with them out in the open. But we do have people, cars, lawyers, more brains than they ever can get together, and amongst us, some money. We can find out the laws they are breaking and make them toe the line. We can sit outside that precinct with money and bail people out. We may even grow large enough and strong enough to do that for the 13th precinct as well, and more. But for now, if you would like to help me organize a group to watch the Georgetown pigs or other pigs and their precincts on weekend nights, or if you would like to help me set up a benefit to raise bail monies for kids, then leave word with the Free Press for Lincoln at 638-6377.

Switchboard:

Switchboard needs: operators for evenings and Sundays; researchers, typists.

For Switchboard, see Don Jones, Steve Eisen at 638-4301.

Free Bus

Will run: 7:30 am-4:30 pm
7:30 pm-1:30 am

We are planning a free bus, which will run a one-hour round trip from 6th and Pennsylvania Avenue, SE to Georgetown, with intermediate stops. We have drivers, some money, the schedule, and repairs capabilities for the bus.

We need: A VW bus and a little more bread.

People involved are Don Jones, 347-6406; Ann Brann, 444-0878; Steve Eisen; Switchboard; Tom Plant, 966-1810.

Journalism Workshop

Persons interested in use of paper, magazine or throw-away media may contact any of the people listed below.

Opportunities include working with the Free Press, developing our own printing capabilities, possibly our own publication.

We have interested instructors, space, interested students.

People involved are Kathy Cashwell, 232-2413; Margaret Calvert, 234-3165.

Photography Workshop Anytime

We now have a fully equipped darkroom. Anyone who knows what they are doing can use it by checking with Bruce Bartol, 270-1337; Switchboard; or Sue Yalton, 638-2933.

Classes will be arranged in the near future.

Mini-Farm

We have an acre of farm land, with tractor and other equipment. Fifteen (15) minutes from downtown D.C. We are planning to plant, grow and distribute vegetables and fruits. We are into ordering seeds. See catalogs at Switchboard.

We need: farmers; hoes, rakes, etc.; trellis and stakes; freezer.

People involved are John Hagerhorst, 420-3996; Don Jones, 347-6406.

The Switchboard
The Switchboard, 638-4301,
is now operating 24 hours a
day for information, referrals,
messages, help, or to find
groovy people to start things.



Mary Poppins
A Racist?

C.U.D. HAPPENINGS

Motorcycle Mechanics Workshop Meets Tuesdays, Fridays, 4:00- 8:00 p. m.

We plan to use the garage for a Motorcycle Mechanics Cooperative Workshop. We have instructor (Stu Hayward), bikes, etc.

We need: heating for the garage and students.

People involved are Stu Hayward, 462-9361; Willow Young, 338-1499; Sue Yalton, 638-2933.

Weird Looking People!!!

I mean weird looking! Long hair, black-yellow-white faces, strange clothes and unusual sensibilities, fighting to live communally with few hassels and some connection with each other. Many of us need jobs. It doesn't take much for us to live on (communal living is cheaper -- paid advertisement Ed.). We don't need full-time or even regular jobs. But we are eager and hungry workers.

If you have a regular part-time, full-time, or an irregular or one-time job for someone groovy, or if you need some money soon, then call 638-4301

If you would like to help set up a permanent hip-job co-op, then call Steve at 638-4301.

Is Mary Poppins a racist? Julie Andrews is suing "Screenland" magazine for writing a story that linked her romantically with Sidney Poitier. She is seeking \$1,000,000 compensation for "impairment of her reputation" (Chronicle). The actress, famous for her cavortings in "The Sound of Music" and her soulful rendition of "A Spoonful of Sugar", said that "while she respects Poitier's professional accomplishments and talents, she never dated him." Should hope not.

The New School (Jan. 15-30 issue of WFP) is located at 1924 Park Road, NW. The phone is 387-2696. The illustration accompanying the article was by Timothy Black of the school.

SURVIVE

Got peanut butter and no bread? Funny you should ask. I have a real paranoia about freaky people; we need to get together now. I am convinced. We've got a freedom in our minds and bodies -- must be dope, acid, or meditation.

Dig it. Create our jobs. Silversmithing, ceramics, graphics, mobiles, leather working, metal sculpture, sewing, knitting, jewelry, candle making. Honey, you know you can. I want to see people digging creating on full stomachs.

Because you're beautiful, make an alternative. Call Terri, 234-5687.

FREE PRESS HIGH OVER DUPONT CIRCLE

The Free Press, after a month of exile, has found a home. High over Dupont Circle at 1522 Connecticut Avenue on the Third Floor. Drop in and visit. Sunday at 2:00, we will dance the seda-hatha, the ceremonial Bwala-casse dance of beginning, around Dupont Circle and then take all of our good Karma up to the office. Everyone should come armed as the Bwala natives do, with Wai-out costumes.

NATIONAL INSECURITY COUNCIL

National Insecurity Council Meets Fridays, 12 Noon- 2:00 p. m.

A group of people who know what they are talking about, respond to requests for individual or group counselling, and related matters, e.g., the generation war.

We need: more referrals.
Contact Steve Eisen; Switchboard; Judy Seckler, 332-4291; Sue Yalton, 638-2933.

The National Insecurity Council operates from the Switchboard, and is associated with the Communications and Urban Development Program at Federal City College.

We provide experienced speakers who have first-hand knowledge of such current problems as use of narcotics, runaway youth, and delinquency.

We prefer to speak directly with small groups of students or other youth, but we are happy to provide speakers also for meetings of parents, civic groups, school teachers or church groups.

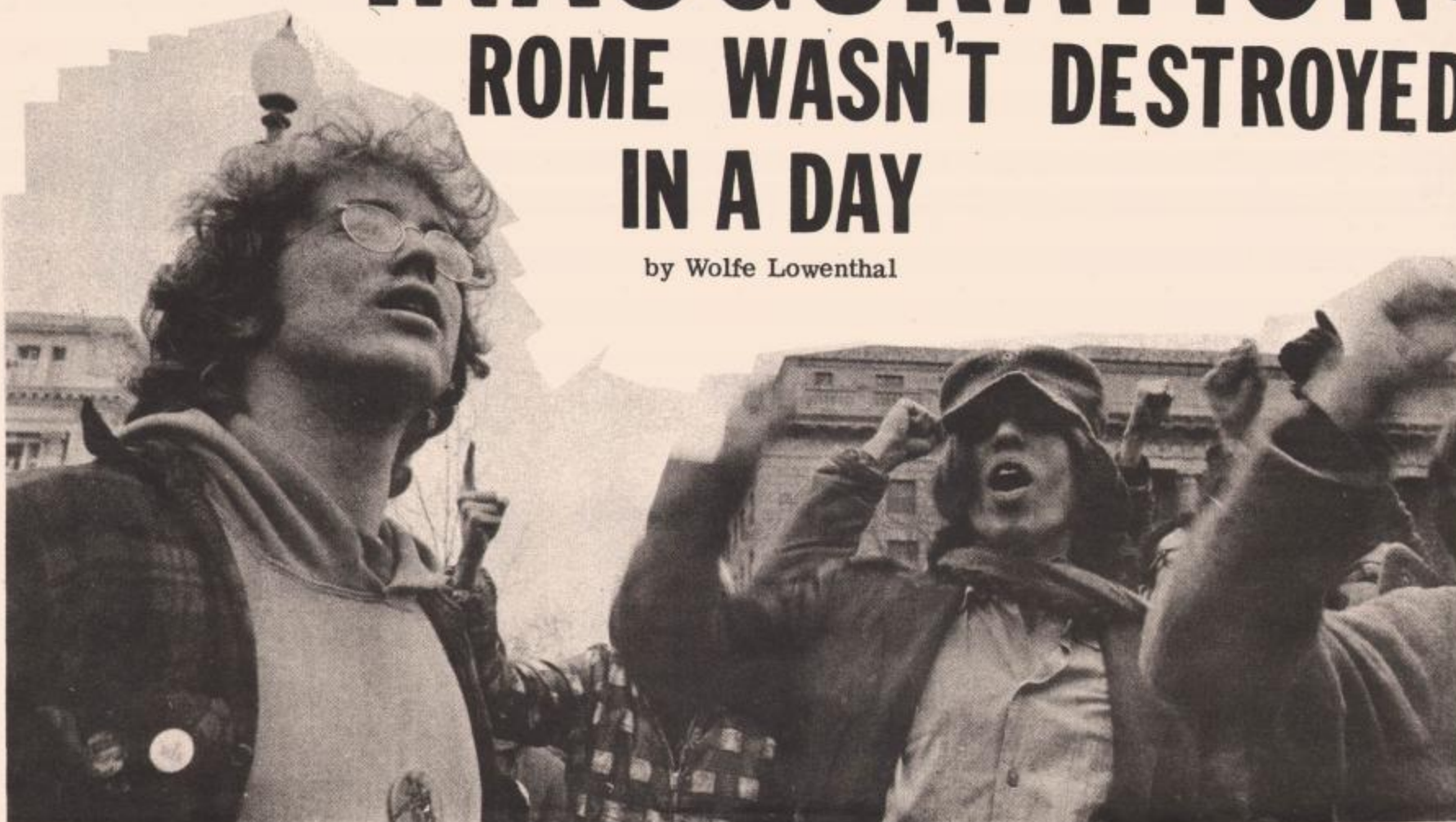
To cover the costs of time and travel expenses we request a fee of \$15.00 per person for a half day, or \$25.00 per whole day.

Contact Steve Eisen at 638-4301.

COUNTER-INAUGURATION:

ROME WASN'T DESTROYED IN A DAY

by Wolfe Lowenthal



Photos by Michael Salzberg

SUMMARY OF PAST WEEKEND

WASHINGTON, D.C. (LNS) -- The following is a chronology of the major events of the counter-inaugural weekend. The times given are approximate.

FRIDAY, Jan. 17 -- Fire-bombing at Selective Service national headquarters, reported \$4,000 damage.

SATURDAY, Jan. 18 -- Workshops at the Hawthorne School. (held all day) 3 pm -- Women's Liberation contingent denied entrance to "Reception for Distinguished Ladies" at National Gallery of Art. 4 pm -- Hundreds of protesters gathered at Young America's Inaugural Salute. Some demonstrators

cont. on next page



Monday night a small group of folk were grooving and distributing the Washington Free Press in the lobby of the Shoreham Hotel while one of the Balls was going on. Some of the Ballers got uptight and one of them asked, "What are you trying to prove?"

"That we can have more fun with a kazoo than you can have with a twenty-piece band."

At the beginning of January prospects for the Counter Inauguration didn't point to much fun. The Mobilization Committee, after the failure of November's "Election Strike", was once again trying to woo the right of the left, the liberal and support groups -- Sane, Women's Strike for Peace, labor and faculty organizations -- that had provided the massive numbers for the old Fifth Avenue Peace parades and the Pentagon march. This strategy involved a downplaying of the more militant politics and tactics of the Yippie/SDS shock troops. The Mobe bet that the street people would come anyhow, if unenthusiastically.

Mobe won the bet. There's a new army in America: fluid, bisexual, too drugged and not yet as together as it should be, but it's spoiling for a fight. Its enemy is the bloody old men who abuse their power over most of the world, and its touchstone is the cops.

If there were ten thousand people parading on Sunday, there were a third of them back Monday along the route between 12th and 15th on Pennsylvania Avenue. Back there in dispirited old December the most optimistic projection for Monday was a two-block area filled with banner-bearing demonstrators. That barrage that greeted the Nixon motorcade and the flowing street battle that followed revealed surprising determination and strength. A lot of the credit for the quality of the Counter-Inauguration goes to the Washington Free Community whose spirit, that of her folk and communes, provided not only a base for many demonstrators, but a living workshop. And the overriding sense of the weekend was that almost everybody had a great time.

The one downer occurred Sunday night at the Mobilization's headquarters on Vermont Avenue when members of Co Aim, a particularly tight ass-holed, super militant gang from New York, took over the office. They had moved in a few days before, worked efficiently and at the right moment, when the place was empty of all but young, mainly volunteer staffers, they took over the phones and barred the door leaving the Mobe kids huddled like scared mice against the walls. They issued a press statement and with every call said that the Mobe's demonstration for Monday, advertised as a "presence along the route" would instead be a militant march from Franklin Park straight into the line of the parade. Their stated beef was that the Mobe marshalls had been a drag on Sunday (which was true, but so what?), and that they were going to be denied Mobe's legal services -- which was bullshit -- and that Mobe's previous plans for Monday were not militant enough. But if Co Aim was hung up under the Mobe program, which they played an integral part in forming, how come they didn't voice an objection at the planning meeting? They kept quiet and waited until they'd sprung their takeover. (Mark Rudd and a few other SDS elements lent weight to the jive-ass invasion, but they came late onto the scene, through their own choice, and can at least plead that their lack of information and stupidity made them foils for Co Aim.)

Cooler, solidier heads eventually got to the office and backed up the "super militants" who eventually had their march down from Franklin Park, an event of neutral value, but the damage had been done. Things are too heavy for the Movement to afford undercutting itself with old left style manipulation and double dealing. If Co Aim wanted to infiltrate itself into the Mobe for a lightning takeover of Mobe's press outlets and its legal and financial reserve they suffer from dangerous fantasies; if they wanted to destroy the old girl -- and Mobe seems less to the point every day -- the devious, childish attempt leaves no opportunity to build on that which is vital in the Mobe.

Still, except for Sunday night's small drag it's hard to see how things could've gone much better than they did at the Counter Inauguration. Hardly anyone got hurt, we didn't have the usual heavy financial drain of bail, fines and court cost, and we did just about what we intended. But people learn more from failure than success, so rather than get euphoric there's some meditation we ought to do.

How much did they allow and how much were they unable to stop:

There was a sneaking feeling all through the week that we were being sucked in. Even on Monday it seemed like we could've gotten a float in the parade if we'd only asked. But we have some out-of-sight qualities. It probably cost them, overtime and special equipment, \$50 to put one cop out on the street on Monday. A thousand Yippies can move out for that much. Action-wise, the media is a protection of sorts, but we are more fluid in the street, have more a sense of what we are about and consequently have less of that self-destructive false courage that comes out of having to prove oneself.

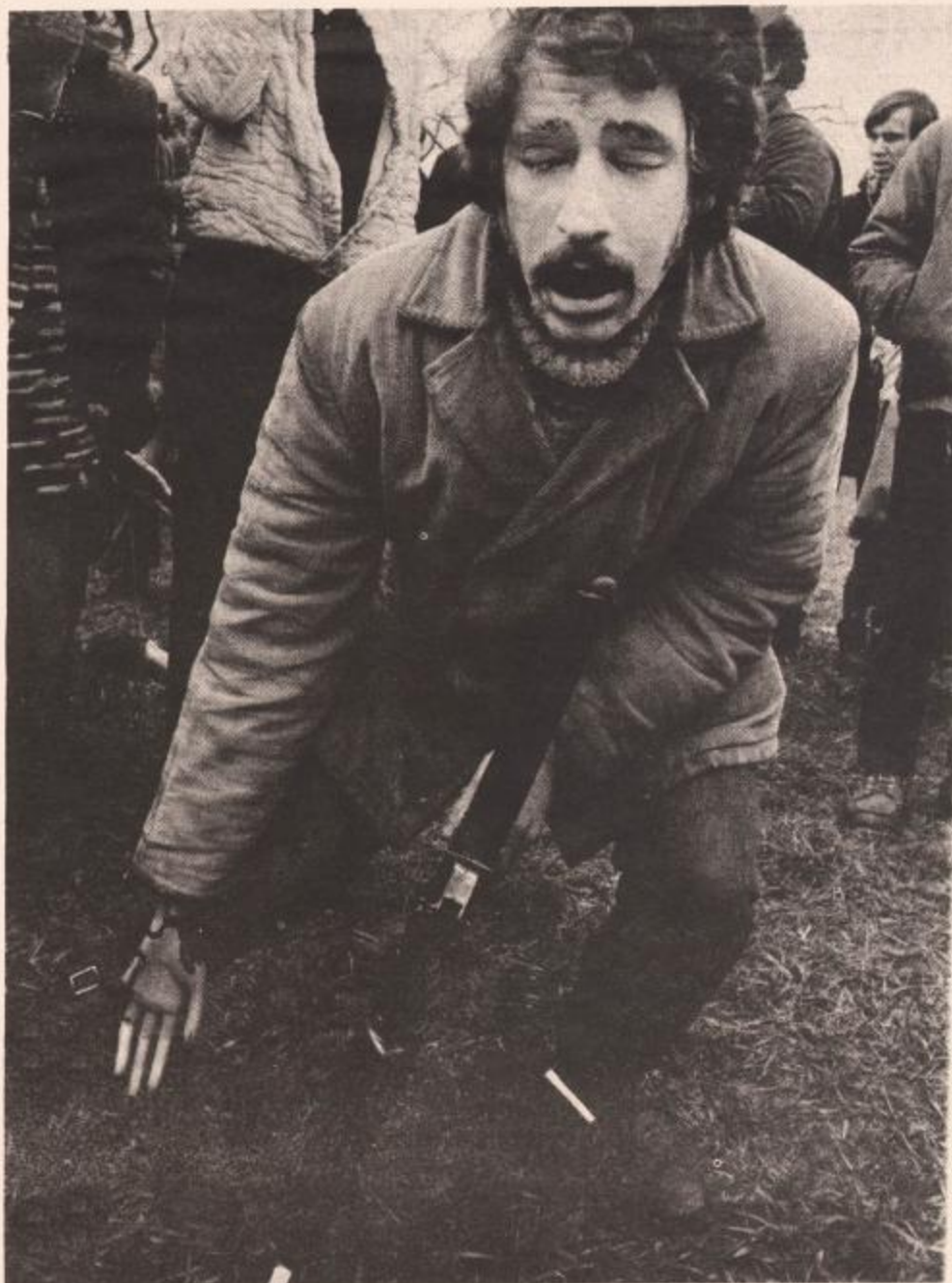
Besides the fact that people had a good time, how did we do:

On Monday hate was rampant. Back of Lafayette Park, within hearing of the White House, there was a cavalry battle, police on motorcycles wheeling back and forth trying to run down demonstrators who flowed around them and threw rocks as they swept by. But on the whole the police were restrained. Add on to this the Man's soft tactic of giving good permits for the Counter march and for the tent and we have to say that El Hombre scored many points with the Liberals. Likely is we both won, us and the Man. In Washington, El Hombre didn't give anything away, made no Daley Pig blunders, but there are tens of millions of young people who whether the Man's tactics are hard or soft are not taken in and are out to knock him off his perch. And whether they dug the action in person, by word of mouth or through the media, they dug it.

The organizational left better get hep to the kids. On Sunday they were manifestly bored by "Peace Now" and "End the War" chants, but not due to callousness or simple-mindedness. Their consciousness, molded by increasingly heavy repression, goes far past the single issue of the war and if they are bored by anything it's by the Mobe's compromise that has it veer away from an expression of basic opposition to the system. (One even wonders about this Mobilization tactic of placating its old hands by subverting some of its militancy, because on Sunday -- old-timers day -- it seemed that most of the folk who showed up were the young.)

And what about demonstrations in the future:

There's been some talk that the Counter Inauguration was the last one. Maybe it should be for a lot of us, but given the principle that people move through levels of commitment and the historical fact that even in Revolution a lot further advanced than ours, in the midst of heavier action, there is still a time to take to the street, we can be sure that demonstrations will still be with us. However, there is a lesson that the Counter Inauguration laid down. Besides making its overt statement, the demonstration was a building, tending-to-roots kind of event. People did a lot of digging on one another, on the Washington free community, and on the methods of making it in liberated communities as well as on the street. This army, this gathering of the tribes that will flow where it needs to be, should also increasingly conduct itself along the lines of the good guerrilla: that you don't just come to town to do your gig and run roughshod over the folk. You don't gain anything by this emulation of the Man. Folk will establish the network of the underground by the way they flow across the country, but they should also come to a community to learn and to contribute.



Counter-Inaugural Ball Stamp Issued



The Post Office announced its latest commemorative stamp celebrating the Counter-Inaugural Ball. The stamp of 69¢ value will be issued on Revolution Eve.

PAST WEEKEND from page 6

inside ball handed out anti-war leaflets and gave anti-war rap to attentive crowd, including Tricia Nixon and Randy Agnew. Frank Mather, staff member of the Radical Education Project, was arrested for tearing down some bunting, later held on \$5,000 bail for desecration of the flag. 7 pm -- Communal meal at SDS movement center, preceded by political discussion and followed by Newsreel and Third World films.

SUNDAY, Jan. 19 -- Noon - Southern contingent liberated statue of General Sherman near White House, and political rap followed. 1 pm -- Official rally got underway inside Mobe tent. 1:30 pm -- Yippies and revolutionary contingent, unable to get into crowded tent, started rump counter-inaugural march. 2:30 pm -- Official Mobe march begins. 3 pm -- Scuffle at flagpole near Health, Education and Welfare Building. Militants say down, Mobe marshalls say up. Flag stays up after marshalls link arms to protect Old Glory. 4 pm -- Scuffle at 3rd and Maryland below Capitol Hill after Mobe marshalls joined cops to prevent militants (or "crazies") from taking the whole street. 5 pm -- Demonstrators pelted ruling class and their uniformed guards (call them police, cops, pigs, as you please) with mud and chants at reception for Agnew at Smithsonian Institution. Confrontation lasted several hours, during which cops made some arrests, and some demonstrators learned how to save their brothers. 7 pm -- Counter-inaugural festivities began at tent.

MONDAY, Jan. 20 -- Noon -- Militants (or "crazies") gathered in Franklin Square Park to march toward inaugural route. 12:30 pm -- Demonstrators bearing NLF flags strode down 14th St. sidewalk from Franklin Park toward Pennsylvania Ave. 1 pm to 3 pm -- Thousands gathered along inaugural route to chant their opposition to "Four More Years of Death" and to affirm their willingness to "Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win." Stuff was thrown at Nixon. 3 pm to 6 pm -- Street actions. Cops came down, stones got thrown, windows were broken. Fighting movement begins to take form. Self defense against cops only partially effective, with about 80 arrests.

Dig it! The government is preparing to take over the task of policing the entire nation. The events in Wilmington, Del. (Free, Vol. II, No. 48) show the beginnings of one policing tactic -- armed, uniformed, U.S. Army troops controlling the streets. Another tactic differs in only one respect -- the uniform. The armed government troops now wear Metropolitan Police uniform.

This is all part of a master plan controlled by the Defense Department's Civilian Police Recruiting Program (D.O.D.). They are taking men straight from the Army into the police force, therefore having a government trained and indoctrinated police corps.

The plan is in full swing here in the Capital. In the first nine months of 1968, nearly half of our rookie cops -- 305 of 651 -- were ex-Army who joined under this program. "It's been a lifesaver to us", stated Inspector Boyd T. Willard, Director of personnel for the Metropolitan Police Department and leader of the pilot project. The D.O.D. program eliminated a 380-man deficit in Washington in five months. When the force reached full strength, Congress authorized it to increase its size by 1,000 men.

COMIN' HOME



"You see, we had this President who turned everything over to the military . . .!"

Forty-three major metropolitan police agencies, including New York and Los Angeles, recruit men at installations designated for their exclusive use. Recruiting goes on during both duty and non-duty hours.

A man in the service who receives a job offer from any police department can be released up to 90 days early as well as getting special weekend passes. Most police departments will help him find a new home and waive residency requirements.

Inspector Willard says, "These recruits are already equipped with the disciplinary training needed in the semi-military profession." It's not a far step from murdering people in Vietnam to shooting people in the streets of our city. Col. Weber, head of the program in the Pentagon says, "It helps servicemen to continue to make a contribution in a profession as honored as military service." Soon people in U.S. cities will feel the same as the people in the Dominican Republic, Bolivia, Vietnam, Japan, and Thailand do when they see U.S. troops in their cities. The U.S. Army, long the cops of the world, are coming home, right to your street.

FAT JAPS UP TIGHT

TOKYO (LNS) -- 70% of the Japanese people are in some form or another opposed to the Japan-U.S. security treaty, according to a public opinion poll taken by Asahi Shimbun, Tokyo's most influential commercial daily.

WAR MONEY

TOKYO (LNS) -- Japanese helmet makers, whose business increased 20% in 1968, are rubbing their hands at the prospect of massive student opposition to the U.S.-Japanese military security treaty which comes up for renewal in 1970. They assume the confrontations with the cops will stimulate even greater sales among the students.

During the weekend of the Counter-Inauguration two cops went to the hospital. Two times I saw single policemen chase one of us into the crowd. The first one just kept on going after each person within reach began hitting on him. He forgot all about the kid he was trying to catch.

This was in front of the Smithsonian on Sunday afternoon. The cops were angry. We had been spitting on guests to the Agnew Reception and scaring horses into backing up into the fancy-ass ladies and their men. They were supposed to be happy Americans, so they kept smiles on their faces as the egg dripped. The angry horse cops finally charged us, backed up by cops on foot. The first one who broke ranks and rushed us alone had been hit with a cardboard tube. The second one I didn't see hit, but as soon as he started into the crowd I went after him, sure that he

IKE ?

To think Ike has lived to see this: Armed bandits held up a golfer and his caddy near the 6th hole of the Holiday Hills Golf and Country Club. The victims were tied to a tree.

WE'RE NOT FIRST

PHOENIX, Ariz. (LNS) -- The Arizona Board of Pardons and Paroles recently voted unanimously to recommend pardons for John and Tom Power. The pair were draft resisters during World War One and shot three members of a posse which came to get them in 1918.

They shot a sheriff and two deputies in a gun battle in Rattlesnake Canyon, but later surrendered to U.S. Cavalry troops.

Each served 42 years; they were paroled in 1960. Their ages are 77 and 79, respectively.

AIR CUBA

NEW YORK (LNS) -- CIA agents have been told recently to shun flights to Florida. The CIA fears what would happen if any agents were inadvertently hijacked to Cuba, according to a report published in the Jan. 18 issue of Business Week.

LOOK! SEE!

TOP PIG S. I. HAYAKAWA of San Francisco State U. will be in D.C. next Monday (Feb. 3) to testify before the House Education subcommittee hearings on "campus unrest." People should be on hand to greet him in the style to which he is accustomed.

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY



wasn't going to beat on another guy without some opposition from us. The crowd parted like the Red Sea to let the cop through. One policeman had everyone terrified. He carried the invulnerable and terrible mystique with him as he ran. I was after him yelling "Get him!", although no one really could hear; and as the cop tackled the kid someone broke a long stick over the back of his head. I had nothing to use as a weapon, so I jumped him while he was beating on the kid, and I hit him on the back of the head with my fist. He let go of the kid and reached toward me with his club, so I grabbed it, jumped over him and started dragging him away on his back while twisting the club out of his hands. Others came running up to help but just as they reached us and I had got the club loose from his hands a number of mounted cops charged us, surrounded a couple of guys and started beating them. I think they all got away.

Forgotten? That's what you think!

It's about time we start letting this city know that our community really exists. We should be leaving our mark on the face of the local terrain. Maybe you've already dug the yellow, five-pointed star that's been painted on U.S. mailboxes between the red and the blue colors which are already there. With a can of yellow spray paint, a cardboard stencil, and 30 seconds of time, U.S. mailboxes are turned into the NFL flag. You take it from there -- every corner in the District, a NFL flag? If you've been thinking about painting your car, wall, or body; or even someone else's car, wall or body, here's a creative innovation that could prove useful. Fill a Christmas tree ornament up with paint. Seal the top with wax. You now have a missile (the perfect size and weight for throwing) with which to deliver the paint to the surface you wish to paint. We all have to do what we can to beautify America.



by Christopher Cooper

"We have to live within the law", said the millionaire parents of a teen-ager explaining why they had their daughter arrested for possessing marijuana. The bust came on New Year's Eve when the boy next door came by with some season's greetings.

"Demonstrations at the inaugural parade showed dissatisfaction with reactionary rule of the monopoly capitalist class and reactionary domestic and foreign policy of U.S. imperialism and Nixon, the new chieftan of the reactionary U.S. ruling circles." Radio Peking.

Attorney General John Mitchell says he'll recommend against granting parade permits to "activists" such as those who threw shit at Nixon during the inaugural parade. "And I'm not opposed to capital punishment", he added. Of the 7 assistants that will occupy key positions at the Department of Justice, 1 is an unsuccessful candidate for position of governor and 3 are unsuccessful candidates for senator. On the issue of wiretapping he promised that he would personally protect the privacy of those who are not suspected criminals. Drawing a distinction between demonstrators and "activists". Mitchell said, "If they could be recognized as such in advance then there would be no such permit granted."



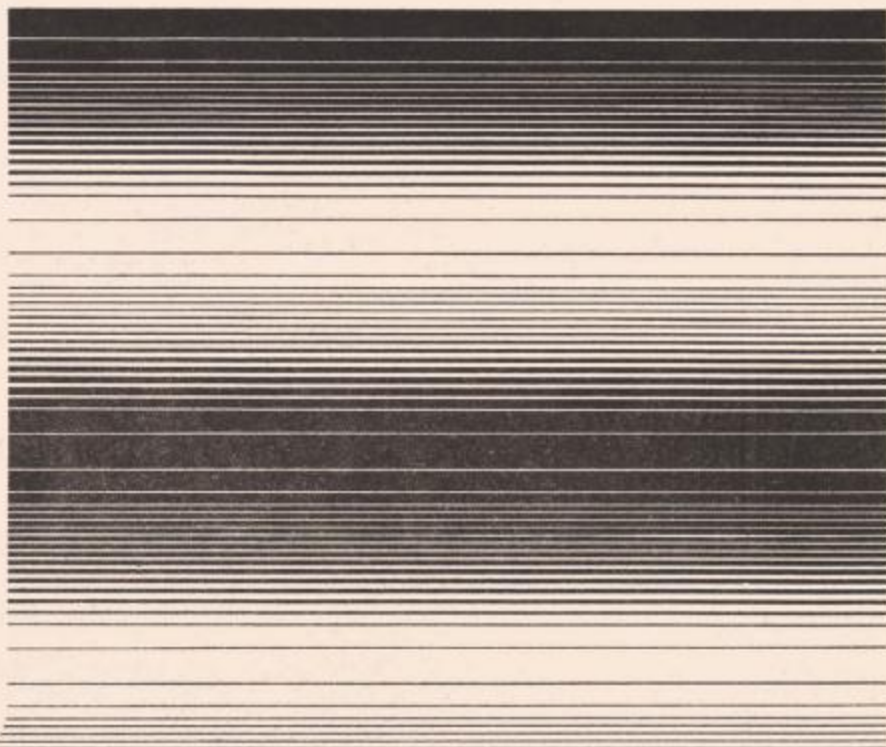
The student body president at Berkeley has revealed the once-secret investment records of the Trustees held in the name of the University (a non-profit organization). \$664,000,000 invested in war industries. Those regents on the investment committee are themselves closely connected with war industries.

Daniel Cohn-Bendit who played a key role in last May's Paris action has written a book: *Obsolete Communism: The Left-Wing Alternative*. One reviewer wrote: "As a manifesto it will appeal only to the profoundly dis-oriented and totally alienated who rationalize their destructive urges with the aid of utopian visions of a free society spontaneously emerging from the fires of revolutionary violence." Danny said that "the publishers do not seem to be bothered by the fact that their cash will be used for the next round of Molotov cocktails."

"I think it is wrong that the horrors of war should be exposed to young children as something to be glorified." And Timothy Daly, a twenty-year old poet set a fire in the British Imperial War Museum. The judge said it was an obvious case of idealist turned incendiary and gave him four years.

"A guerrilla among the people is like a fish in the sea." Chairman Mao.

The Electric Flag



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RUNNING RIOTS



By Arthur I. Waskow

Ben W. Gilbert and the staff of the Washington Post, *Ten Blocks from the White House: Anatomy of the Washington Riots of 1968* (Praeger, \$6.75 and \$2.45)

On the morning of April 6, the Washington Post carried on page A-15 a photograph that in one breathtaking symbol summarized all of 1968 in America: a Marine standing alone behind a machine gun on the steps of the United States Capitol, the great dome rising behind him. The machine gun was pointed at the people of Washington, some of whom had burnt part of the city down the day before.

Six months later there appeared a

book written by a dozen reporters of the Washington Post, containing 89 photographs -- but not the classic one. Instead there is a picture of what seems to be the same Marine, still on the Capitol steps but now surrounded by pretty girls taking his picture. No machine gun. No machine gun.

First the reader boggles; then peels the onion of his mind, like so:

- 1) The machine gun has gone down the memory hole.
- 2) The second picture has no "meaning" A photograph of a gaggle of pretty photographers, plus one smiling Marine? Who cares? (Oh, that's interesting. All the girls are white.)
- 2) The second picture has all the meaning. Paint out the weapons, paint in the girls; the Capitol is defended by love and apple pie, not violence; all is still well; even if Washington is burning all is still well. (All the girls are white? Well, naturally under the circumstances . . . Yes, the second picture has all the meaning.)
- 4) No, the shift from the first to the second picture has all the meaning. The Washington Post, which managed that shift, has all the meaning. From day to day it softens the abruptness of conflict in its city. It depoliticizes, smoothes over, avoids. The process is simply clearer when it is put together in a sizeable study of a single event.

Not that this book is what would normally be called a "study". Most of it is a chronicle, almost a chronology, rather than an analysis. The only attempt at "sociology" -- a statistical profile of those arrested -- is based on 856 cases out of 7,600 arrested. The raw numbers seem adequate at first glance, but there is not the slightest indication as to possible bias in this one-ninth sample. Careful examination makes clear that it was not taken at random. Evidently no one under 18 and no one charged with a misdemeanor rather than a felony is included, but even within these boundaries only four-sevenths of those charged are described, and there is no way to tell whether those not included are quite different in some crucial way. So we learn nothing of value about those arrested -- or rather, we are left ignorant of whether we have learned anything of value.

Almost all the rest of the book is simply a rehash of the stories the Post published during and after the uprising itself. So patent is this that many of the reporters who worked on the book have privately expressed their considerable disappointment with the result. They are not sure whether to blame Ben Gilbert, the senior author, who is deputy managing editor of the Post, or Praeger -- the publisher -- for the fact that many hours of their effort went down the drain. They define the book's failure on two levels: its superficial chronicling of the hourly events of April, and its backing away from such political issues as criticism of the city government of Washington. (The two may be connected: it is easily possible that any analysis would have entailed criticism, whereas a somewhat sensationalized chronicle of the uprising might make best-seller stuff and certainly would require no sharp examination of city politics.)

Item: reporters were asked to check on whether there had been any sabotage of public utility services during the uprising, did some careful research, and then had their results ignored.

Item: at least two chapters written by reporters at considerable personal effort were totally rewritten, with analysis omitted.

Item: factual details were "improved on" for the sake of sensation. (For example, mud that was actually ankle-deep at Resurrection City became "hip-deep" in print.)

Item: reporters did depth interviews with various black leaders and activists on the meaning of the April uprising, not one of which was used in the book.

Item: one reporter's careful historical study of the degree of anti-Semitism among black militants through the twentieth century (conclusion: very little) appears nowhere.

The book, in fact, is no more a community effort of equal journalists sharing their concerns and discussing their information with each other than the Washington Post is every morning. Nor is the book a platform for individualistic "academic freedom" among reporters -- indeed, it is less so than is the Washington Post each morning. Either platform for free individuals -- might have made for a book with analytical and political bite. But the book is instead a one-shot no-byline newspaper: information gathered by the hired hands, rehashed and served up by rewrite men, reviewed by an editor for political orthodoxy, and, perhaps, finally shaped by the publisher. Caveat: this is therefore not a book, if a book is the freely worked version of the authors' views and research.

Politically, the book carries on the Post's protective concern for the city's "mayor", Walter Washington. (Though Washington is appointed by the President and is legally called Commissioner, the Post has since his appointment called him "Mayor" and treated him as if he were the elected representative of the people of Washington.) For example, the book describes decision-making during the riot.

"During the occupation of the capital city, the Mayor, Presidential trouble-shooter Cyrus Vance, Task Force Washington's Commander General Ralph E. Haines, Jr., Public Safety Director Pat Murphy, and their aides spent most of their waking hours in the police headquarters' command center, down the hall from the Task Force Washington 'war room' -- where a large wall map of the city showed trouble spots and troop concentrations.

"Deputy Mayor Thomas Fletcher said later that the decisions made during the occupation of the city 'were all done around the table', in the office of Police Chief John B. Layton. 'Cy Vance was always there with the book he prepared after Detroit.'

"The 'book' contained the lessons learned from the mistakes made during the 1967 riot in Detroit, when Vance served as the President's special representative. Vance was in on every major decision, always suggesting or questioning, rather than ordering, and getting along very well with Mayor Washington and ranking police officials."

But most reporters, a number of city officials, and private persons such as clergymen involved in relief work have reported that Vance was the key decision-maker, that he "got along very well" with Washington and the police because he was polite in making clear what should be done, and because they did not assert any claim to real authority. Indeed, the situation would have been clear enough if the locale had been British India or the time 1775: the colonial Governor-General of the city had not been able to prevent an uprising; the Emperor downtown had replaced him with an emergency Viceroy whose previous experience had been management of the Imperial military forces, the regular Governor-General was called in to supply information and keep the correct telephone lines open. But the Post could not see things so clearly in its own bailiwick.

Take another example: the book describes a food-relief operation run by the churches, then delicately says that the "food distribution machinery was turned over to the city's welfare workers were not as well prepared as the volunteers. It took a couple of days . . . to work out the kinks. To some welfare workers, 'professionalizing' meant making sure that only 'deserving' persons received food."

No hint here of the hot political argument that broke out between the

church leadership -- hardly radical, but shaken by the specter of suffering -- and Winifred Thompson, director of the Department of Public Welfare -- probably the city official most hated by the black community -- over direction of the relief effort. No hint here that the Welfare people explicitly were angry that free food might be going to people who "didn't need it", although the churches were convinced that floods of free food would quickly swamp any profiteering that might emerge, while meeting the real needs of those who had lost their corner stores and those who had been chronically hungry before the uprising. No hint here that Walter Washington sided with Miss Thompson and the Welfare Department. No hint here that he also sided with the police, who wanted to get suburban whites and middle-class blacks off the streets instead of letting them keep on delivering food to churches -- for fear that policemen who took the curfew too seriously might arrest some politically indigestible Senator's wife carrying groceries into town. In short, no hint of any political clashes -- though the uprising heightened, rather than reduced, the real political conflicts in the city.

The one area in which the book reports a political and ideological conflict in some detail is the one over the behavior of the courts -- in the chapter on "Fair Trial". There it becomes clear that both white and black libertarian lawyers and the families of those arrested believed that abandonment of normal bail procedures, delays in "processing" prisoners, and the seeking out of conservative lawyers as defense attorneys while blacks and liberal whites were kept at arm's length were devices used to protect "security" -- that is, property -- in the city, at the cost of constitutional liberties. (Even this chapter does not discuss the argument of more radical lawyers that the whole curfew system was an unconstitutional attempt to deal with the difficulty of distinguishing and apprehending "real" criminals by defining non-criminal activity such as walking on the street as a crime, and then arresting everyone in sight. Nor does it mention the argument put forward by some black militants and white radicals that under the conditions of American racism, "looting" was not criminal behavior at all.) Why the willingness to discuss open conflict with the courts, but not the city government? Perhaps partly because the anger of liberal lawyers became public knowledge, whereas the fight over food relief became known to fewer Washingtonians -- so omission of the court fight would have been widely noticed and the other not. But it is also hard to avoid the notion that the presence of Walter Washington in or his absence from the situation may be the important variable.

But why, then, is the Post so careful of its "Mayor"? Reporters tend to cite Ben Gilbert's close personal friendship with Walter Washington to explain not only the kid gloves in this book, but also the Post's tenderness throughout the year. Many reporters say they have had paragraphs critical of Washington excised or softened. (One said he could roast Mayor Daley for the use of tear gas in Chicago, but not Mayor Washington for its use in the District of Columbia.)

But the problem may lie deeper than personal friendship. Walter Washington's role as a black cushion between black anger in the city and the white business government alliance which really rules the city may be an important one for the liberal managers of the Post to protect. On the one hand, it leaves them free to criticize the harsh exactions of an invisible establishment while praising the futile efforts of a powerless appointee to moderate them; on the other hand, it allows them to criticize the sharp demands from black activists for a fully democratic reconstruction

of the city, while praising the moderation and perseverance of the black appointee. If the establishment and the insurgents came face to face without a cushion between, the Post might have to choose sides publicly -- and choosing full democracy would endanger its own interest. (The Post is, next to the Federal Government, the largest employer in the city.)

The Post not only has an investment in playing up Walter Washington, the symbol of black-and-white-together liberalism; it has a complementary investment in playing down the existence of black-and-white-together radicalism. Indeed, Ten Blocks from the White House veils from sight the bare existence of white radicalism in Washington. For example:

There is no mention of the fact that about 70 faculty and students (mostly from American University) picketed the White House just as the city began to burn, mid-afternoon the day after King's murder, with a demand that the Army and the police be kept out of the black community and creation of a neighborhood-based police be encouraged instead; that about 40 of these picketers crossed to the White House side of Pennsylvania Avenue in defiance of a police ban; that they were charged, knocked down, and beaten by the police; and that three of them were arrested.

There is no mention of the fact that almost all of the whites arrested for breaking the curfew were young, long-haired, "hippie-looking", and politically radical; that reporters from the Washington Free Press and Liberation News Service were arrested for breaking the curfew even though all had press credentials and one of them a police press pass; that some white "hippies" joined in the "looting" both because they needed the food and because they viewed the whole social system -- and especially the sale of food for profit -- as illegitimate.

There is no mention of the fact that some white radicals kept on distributing food even after the churches had given up and they had been threatened with arrest for curfew violations.

Of course the number of white insurgents during April was small, compared to black insurgents and to fearful white defenders of the status quo, but how astonishing -- how newsworthy! -- that they existed at all. But the book ignores them.

It does even worse in describing post-riot development; it specifically defines the proposal for neighborhood control of the police through elected precinct commissions as an issue "dividing black and white" -- though numerous white groups joined the Black United Front in supporting the proposal.

In short, Ten Blocks from the White House is not a neutral "anatomy" of the April uprising in Washington, as its title claims. It could not possibly have been one, because there is no such thing as an anatomy of history or society; there are only dynamic physiologies, and they are not neutral because their writers do not stand outside the body politic. But what is disastrous about the book -- and about the Washington Post -- is that it claims to be and tried to be an anatomy, a recitation of the names of muscles and bones with no special social or political interests of its own. That is the worst unneutrality of all for it draws the veil of illusion across the reader's face -- instead of clearing his vision as the explicit and self-acknowledged political actor does. The need is for reporters who know and editors who acknowledge their paper's bias, who understand their paper as a political institution like any other -- a bank, a party -- in their city.

And more: who report it that way. (Editor's Note: The author is a Resident Fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. He wrote From Race Riot to Sit-in and is chairman of the Center of Emergency Support.

Photos by Michael Grossman



Dear Friends:

From the Bay Area to New York, we are suffering the greatest depression in our history. People are taking bitterness in their coffee instead of sugar.

It's a common problem, not an individual one, and people don't talk to one another too much any more.

It is 1969 already, and 1965 seems almost like a childhood memory. Then we were the conquerors of the world. No one could stop us. We were going to end the war. We were going to wipe out racism. We were going to mobilize the poor. We were going to take over the universities.

Go back and read some of the early anti-war literature. Check out the original hippie-digger poetry and manifestos: euphoria, overflowing optimism, and expectation of immediate success. Wow, I can still get high on it.

A lot has gone down since then. The war roars on, the San Francisco scene is gone, pot and acid are being challenged by speed and smack, Nixon has replaced Johnson, and white racism is stronger than ever.

America proved deaf, and our dreams proved innocent. Scores of our brothers have become inactive and cynical.

Still, our victories since 1965 have been enormous. We kicked LBJ's ass. We defeated the Democratic Party. Our history has been marked by a series of great battles: Berkeley, the Pentagon, Columbia, Chicago. We are stealing the youth of America right out of the kindergartens and elementary schools. We are the most exciting energy force in the nation.

It is just because we are striking so deep that, in every phase of the movement, arrests and trials and court appearances and jail have bottled up resources, sapped energy and demoralized the spirit.

This has happened slowly -- not the way many paranoids expected, the knock on the door, and concentration camps for thousands of us. Chase that shit out of your head. That's not The American Way.

The American Way is to pick one off here, one there, and try to scare the others into inaction.

So: Huey Newton is in prison.

Eldridge Cleaver is in exile.

America's courts are colonial courts, where White America punishes her black subjects. America's jails are black concentration camps. Every black man in jail is a political prisoner. In America we have Race and Class Justice, pure and simple.

And they have picked off the Panther leadership and driven it into jail and exile without our burning the fucking country down in retaliation.

Oakland Seven are accused of conspiracy.

Which means: organize a demonstration which effectively challenges authority and the courts arrest you for conspiracy and tie you up with lawyers and boring shit for years. Is that why so few people are into planning demonstrations any more in Berkeley?

After spending three months there in the fall, I was depressed to see the old Berkeley audaciousness gone. Shit, three years ago we were going to overthrow Washington from Telegraph Avenue. Result: broken dreams for hundreds and hundreds of people. "Politico" has virtually become a term of insult in Berkeley today.

Meanwhile, the cops are smiling.

Tim Leary is up for 30 years and how many of our brothers are in court and jail for getting high?

Smoking pot is a political act, and every smoker is an outlaw. The drug culture is a revolutionary threat to plastic, wasp, 9 to 5 America.

If you smoke quietly, you won't get bothered. If you smoke in public, or if you live in a commune, or get active politically, or show up somewhere in J. Edgar Preako's computer, you're likely to get busted for getting high.

Through the power of arrest, the cops have virtually silenced the drug evangelists and have destroyed drug communities like the Haight-Ashbury.

Spock faces two years in the pen.

When America arrested the Baby Doctor for advising young men to follow their consciences, I was ecstatic: the next day I actually expected thousands of intellectuals and religious folk to stand on soap boxes and repeat Spock's words. Fuck. No one hardly said a word.

The intellectual community was paralyzed by fear. Is it any wonder now how German intellectuals were so easily silenced? Some of the Boston Five tried to beat the rap, re-interpreting their actions into meaninglessness. Where was that moral confrontation with authority that Paul Goodman spoke so oozingly about?

Sorry for the bitterness, but I saw the arrest of Spock as a test case for the government. If they could arrest and convict Spock without much of a backlash, certainly they could exile Cleaver and jail Leary, and eventually get to me.

The government won the test. Now they are willing to try anything.

Campus activists are expelled and arrested.

Participants in any campus outbreak now are expelled or suspended from school, and arrested on assorted misdemeanors, if not on felony charges for conspiracy.

Students quickly forget the court cases left behind, and the euphoria of an outbreak turns sour in the hearts of those who go to court and jail alone.

When cops first come on campus, the liberals scream -- but gradually the liberals get tired and go to sleep.

Cops and courts never sleep.

War resisters are behind bars.

The anti-draft organizations are in shambles. Individuals are left alone to face 3 to 6 year sentences for refusing the draft.

Thousands of men have been driven into exile in Canada and Sweden. The bravest men in the army are choosing to go to the stockade rather than eat military shit.

Stockades, federal prisons and courts are full of men who have defied the military, and who now must face the music. Unfortunately, there is no orchestra playing behind them.

Add it up:

Cops and courts have tried to put the national black leadership on ice, knocked the Berkeley white activist movement on its heels, over-run the campuses, wiped out many longhair communities, muted the intellectuals, and given, with impunity, fantastic punishment to draft and GI resisters.

The pattern goes a long way to explaining the malaise so many of us feel. America got where she is by jailing and killing blacks and other colored peoples. If America's own children -- the brats of her white middle class -- insist on acting like blacks, well, shit, they will jail and kill us too.

Who the hell wants to "make it" in America today? The hippie-yippie-SDS movement is a "white nigger" movement. The American economy no longer needs young whites and blacks. We are waste material. We fulfill our destiny in life by rejecting a system which rejects us.

Our search for adventure and heroism takes us outside America, to a life of self-creation and rebellion. In response, America is ready to destroy us.

America, like the Roman Empire, is falling apart. Repression reveals the speed of America's fall. When you challenge America, you soon find that underneath the pretty words about democracy, lies a mad, arrogant beast who will tolerate no disrespect or opposition.

I used to know all this in my head. Now I know it in my gut. In the past six months I've personally found out what it's like to live in a police state.

In 1964 and 1965, I was active in campus demonstrations at Berkeley, travel to Cuba, and anti-war actions like stopping troop trains. In those days America thought it could solve its problems with white demonstrators by quickly winning the war in Vietnam.

I guess I began really asking for trouble when, after working as project director for the siege of the Pentagon, I helped organize the youth festival and demonstration in Chicago in opposition to the Democratic Convention.

The yippies were the most public, anarchic and fearless conspiracy the world has ever seen.

It made LBJ very uptight to realize that an incredible youth-rock festival was going to be held in Chicago the same week he was

scheduled to be renominated. LBJ knew that the one group in the country which had done the most to laugh at him and make him look silly were the hippies.

But LBJ dropped out. Bobby Kennedy looked like he was going to get the nomination and through his charisma put the yippies on the shelf. On June 5, Sirhan assassinated Kennedy, and yippie popped back, as unreal as ever.

On June 13, three New York narcotics detectives, carrying a mysterious search warrant, stormed into my Lower East apartment, angrily tore a Castro poster off the wall, and arrested me for alleged possession of three ounces of marijuana.

They spent 90 minutes in my apartment questioning me about yippie plans for Chicago and going through my personal papers and telephone book.

The search warrant claimed that on June 10 an informer was in my apartment with me and he saw dangerous drugs there. The only people in my apartment on that day were my closest friends. Narcotics police, who use corruption to get high, invented an informer to get a search warrant. Attorney Bill Kunstler is now attacking the warrant.

A Red Squad detective later told a New York Post reporter that this was the first blow against the yippies, whom he said were agents of the Communist Chinese importing dope into the country to destroy American youth.

Virtually everyone under 30 in Manhattan smokes pot. The cops use marijuana busts as a handy club against blacks, longhairs and political activists. If you are a longhair and a political activist, you got trouble. If you are a longhair, a political activist and black, you got real trouble. (Hello, Eldridge, wherever you are.)

The marijuana charge against me is a felony punishable by 2 to 15 years in the state pen.

When I arrived in Chicago for the yippie festival, I found three shifts of plainclothes cops hounding me day and night. It was typical Chicago police harassment. Round the clock they tailed the half dozen people they thought were "leaders". They were there when we went to bed at night and they were there when we got up in the morning.

For me they cooked up a special treat. Daley sent an undercover cop, Robert Pierson, alias Bob Lavon, to infiltrate the yippies, act as an agent provocateur, spy on me, and frame me on a serious felony rap.

At 10:30 p.m., Wednesday, August 28, while looking for a restaurant, I was kidnapped off an empty downtown street in Chicago by four plainclothes pigs. I was threatened with beating and death, slugged, and told by the head of the Chicago Red Squad:

EMERGENCY LETTER TO MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE MOVEMENT



Photographs taken January 19 by
by Michael Salzberg

"You guys ruined our city. You, you Rubin, are responsible. Do you like our city? We hope you do because we are going to put you in jail here for a long time."

By chance, Jack Mabley, a columnist for the conservative Chicago American, happened to be in the streets when I was picked up. This is how he described what happened:

"No blood flowed in one of the most ominous happenings. Jerry Rubin . . . was walking west on Washington . . . A girl (Nancy) was with him . . ."

"An unmarked car with four policemen skidded to a stop besides Rubin. Three men jumped out. 'Come on Jerry, we want you', one called as they grabbed Rubin. The girl screamed, 'We haven't done anything! We were just walking.'"

"I have heard Rubin speak, and he was obscene and revolting. In America a man may be arrested for obscenity or revolution. But Rubin was grabbed off the street and rushed to jail because of what he thinks."

"This is the way it is done in Prague. This is what happens to candidates who finish second in Vietnam. This is not the beginning of the police state, it IS the police state."

I was then accused of a wild assortment of charges and bail was set at \$25,000, more than the usual bail for accused murderers.

Two months later, on October 29, the Cook County Grand Jury returned an Illinois State indictment against me on two counts of "solicitation to commit mob action", a felony punishable on each count of 1 to 5 years in the state pen. Pierson's bullshit provided the basis for each indictment.

Pierson lied by saying that I shouted through a bullhorn, "Kill the pigs", thereby supposedly soliciting others to mob action the afternoon of Wednesday, August 28, in Grant Park. The incident is supposed to have taken place after cops attacked the crowd when the American flag was lowered, during the rally preceding the Mobilization march.

Anyone who was there during that time, including people with photographs or films, and especially people who saw me during that time, please contact my attorney: Frank Oliver, 30 North LaSalle, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Whenever I come to Chicago for court appearances the press treats me like a yippie Richard Speck. The Judge has officially restricted my travel to Illinois. (Illinois?) The court system, of course, is under Daley's thumb. It all adds up to a one-way ticket for me to five years in the Illinois state pen and revenge for Richard J. Daley.

Embarrassed by the national press and the Walker Report, Daley needs a scapegoat in the pen. I am not going to be anyone's scapegoat.

America used to use HUAC to shut people up, but HUAC can only silence a movement that is afraid of itself. Pierson appeared before HUAC in October and said I told him that the yippies were planning to "assassinate Daley and the other national politicians" and overthrow the government "within a year." He sounded like he was on an acid trip.

The yippies love HUAC. For us it is a costume ball: a chance to project to the children of the world our secret fantasies, a la McLuhan. What a gas it was to see the headline: "HUAC BARS SANTA CLAUS." HUAC is all bullshit; it has no power.

What is not bullshit is an official government document in which the Department of Justice admitted in December 1968 to a Virginia appeals court that it maintains "electronic surveillance" of me. The document, #12660, is signed by C. Vernon Spratley, Jr., U.S. Attorney for the Eastern District of Virginia, and it was sent to the U.S. Court of Appeals, Fourth Circuit.

It says: "The government is tendering herewith to this court a sealed exhibit containing transcripts of conversations in which appellant Rubin was a participant or at which he was present which were overheard by means of electronic surveillance."

Electronic surveillance!

The government admits that it maintains either a phone tap or a house bug, or both, of my life. In other words, there is nothing that I can do in the privacy of my own home that does not go into some secret Big Brother tape recorder.

No need anymore for suspicion -- it's admitted. And what can I do about it? Nothing.

The New York cops, using an illegal search warrant and phony drug possession charges; the Chicago cops, using an agent provocateur and spy; the Department of Justice, using bugging; and the Chicago courts, using frame-up felony charges, \$25,000 bail, and travel restrictions, have joined together in a criminal conspiracy to deprive me of my civil rights. That's about all the shit they could throw at me in six months.

I've got to raise a lot of money to stay out of jail: for everything from lawyers' fees to organizing a propaganda fight against Daley's Neanderthal Republic. A Jerry Rubin Defense Committee is being organized. Please try to help. Make contributions to "Rubin Defense Committee" and mail to 5 St. Marks Place, Apt. 16, New York, New York 10003.

These are days when one asks himself the most basic questions about the movement: Is it real or transparent? Does it just concern issues, or is it a while new life style? Could the government break it apart with concessions?

Are we creating a New Man, or are we a reflection ourselves of the bullshit we hate so much? Are we a new brotherhood, or are we just a tangle of organizations and competing egos? What will happen when we reach age 30 and 40?

I am not sure myself, and what I think often depends on how I feel when I wake up in the morning. And this is one of the differences between the black and the white movements. For blacks the liberation movement is a struggle against physical and mental oppression. For whites the movement is an existential choice.

One way to feel whether or not we have something real is to see how people relate to one another in trouble. In the past the movement has left the casualties of the last battle to their own individual fates as it moved on to the next dramatic action.

Many activists have even been forced to turn to their parents for help, rather than to the movement which is trying to overthrow their parents' institutions. How can we ask young kids to take risks in a movement which doesn't defend its own? My brother is 21 years old and his eyes often ask me that question.

The movement is more concerned with ideological debate, organizational games, and in-fighting than with creating a family. But our movement is only as strong as the friendships within it. Our only real strength is in our identification with one another.

That collective identification then becomes the greatest challenge to the cops and courts:

MESS WITH HIM AND YOU'VE GOT ME TO DEAL WITH TOO.

If 1968 was "The Year of the Heroic Guerrilla", then 1969 will be "The Year of the Courts". We must attack the myths surrounding the courts as ferociously as we have attacked the American myths of war, apple pie, your friendly neighborhood cop, and "free elections". Maybe Pigasus should become a judge.

Lenny Bruce put it right: "In the Halls of Justice, the only Justice is in the Halls." Courts come on as sacred as churches. Judges act like they just got off the last plane from heaven.

America's courts are the nation's toilets. And in America's jails, human beings are forced to live like animals.

Martin Luther King saw civil disobedience and arrests as moral thrusts aimed at stirring the population and government to action. His death dramatized the death of innocence.

The police, district attorneys and judges use arrests freely: to get activists off the streets, to tie us up in endless judicial and legal procedures, and to serve as a warning to others. Arrests become a form of punishment and detention.

For the cops, an arrest is almost as good as a conviction.

To challenge the courts is to attack American society at its roots. In campus rebellions, the most revolutionary demand, the demand that can never be granted by the administration, is the demand for amnesty. Attacking the society's mechanism for punishing her citizens is attacking the society's very basis for control and repression.

Americans like to believe that this is a country of "fair play". We ought to organize tours for the American people of their courts and jails.

An offensive against the courts and jails -- including direct action and direct legal and financial aid to the victims of the system -- would be the most immediate link that a white movement could possibly make with blacks and poor whites: the country's shit-on, the "criminal element".

As a beginning let's organize massive mobilizations for the spring, nationally coordinated and very theatrical, taking place near courts, jails, and military stockades.

The demonstration should demand immediate freedom for Huey P. Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown, Harlem 6, all black prisoners, Timothy Leary, the Oakland Seven, all drug prisoners, all draft resisters, Benjamin Spock, Jeff Segal, Martin Kenner, me, Fort Hood 43, Catonsville Nine and Milwaukee 14, and all white political prisoners, and amnesty for deserters and draft evaders.

Remember the legend of Spartacus. The Romans slaughtered all the slaves, but the moral example lives on.

When the Roman Army came to kill Spartacus, they faced a mass of thousands of slaves. They demanded that Spartacus step forward.

"I am Spartacus!" shouted one slave.

"No, I am Spartacus!" shouted another.

"No, I am Spartacus!"

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THE LIVING THEATRE

PARADISE NOW

COLLECTIVE CREATION

NEW YEARS MORNING
1:30 AM
69

WOODEN WALLS, ICE WHITE WIND
WEEKS NOW
SNOWY FLATNESS
FOOT THICK THROUGH
VALLEY MEADOWS

LOVER
DECADES - MAD VIOLENCE
HALF NAKED FARM BOYS
KITCHEN TABLE
TREMBLING and
GUILTY
GROWING OLD
CRO DREAMS

FORGET WORDS
THE MIND JUST FOR THE
GRAVE
FORGET WORDS
OLD WORDS
69
FORGET THE WORDS
PETER. SHAVED HEAD BEARD FACE MUTILERS

NEW YEARS
DRUNK IN MY MIND OR HIS
BHAKTI VEDANTA ADVISES CHRIST
THE BODY STILL LIES
A MUSTY BOOK FILLS THE LAP
EDNS REVOLVE AROUND THE HOUSEHOLD

FORGET
FRIENDS
WORDS
LOVES
BODIES
OLD
OLD
OLD
OLD

YELLOW SNOW BY THE FRONT
DOOR FROM MORNING WATER
I WALK OUT ON CRUTCHES TO SEE
THREE MEN JUST RODE A SPACESHIP
WHITE MOON GLOW MAKE SNOW BLUE
THE MOON LAST WEEK
WIND ROAR
IN BARE
ASK
ARMS
AND OAK BRANCHES
TENDRILS ICY GLEAMING

CRASHING THEIR TEETH
IN BIAFRA AND PALESTINE
ASSASSINS AND ASTRONAUTS
TRAVELLING FROM ATHENS
TO VENUS
THE SEA OF
CAREATRICES

NO PARTY
TONIGHT
FORGET
OLD FEELINGS
OLD WORDS
OLD LOVES
TURN OFF THE
GASLIGHTS, COME
UPSTAIRS
ALONE AND READ

REMEMBER PICTURES
OF DEAD MONSIEUR
SHINE EVERYWHERE AROUND
THE HOUSE
TURN OFF THE
GASLIGHTS, COME
UPSTAIRS
ALONE AND READ

HEAD FILLED WITH STURMY
MUSIC
A HOUSE FULL OF MEN
SLEEP IN UNDERWEAR
NEILL ALMOST A YEAR TURNED
TO ASH IN HIS OWN MIDNIGHT
ANGEL IN HIS PHONE CALL
WITHOUT PHONE CALL
RIMBAUD AGE 16
ADOLESCENT SNEERS
TIGHT LIPS, GREEN-
EYED, OWL, AN OLD-
TIME GRAVURE
THUMB TACKED
TO THE WALL
RAPE
HAIR MUSSSED AND RUFFLED BY

NEW
POEMS
BY ALLEN
GINSBERG

SOCKS
HOT PIG FLESH
TURKEY STUFFING WILL
DISAPPEAR IN A BROKEN
SKILL
UNSTABLE ELEMENTS
SIGHT
SOUND
FLESH
TOUCH
AND TASTE

IN THE BACK
SEAT OF A STEAMING
AUTO WITH A BROKEN NOSE
UNSTABLE PLACE
TO BE
AN EASY WAY OUT BY METAL CRASH

IMPOSSIBLE
DOCTOR
FEELGOOD
FOREVER
GOTTA
DIE
MADE OF
WORM
STUFF
AND WORM
THOUGHTS

A HEALTHY DAY IN THE
SNOW
WHITE BREATH AND AURORA BOREALLS
DUSK AND AURORA BOREALLS
SCEPTRE
IN THE
SWIRLING

UNDER THE
GASLAMP HIS
1869 VELVET
TIE ASKEW
POLICEMANS
RAPE
HAIR MUSSSED AND RUFFLED BY

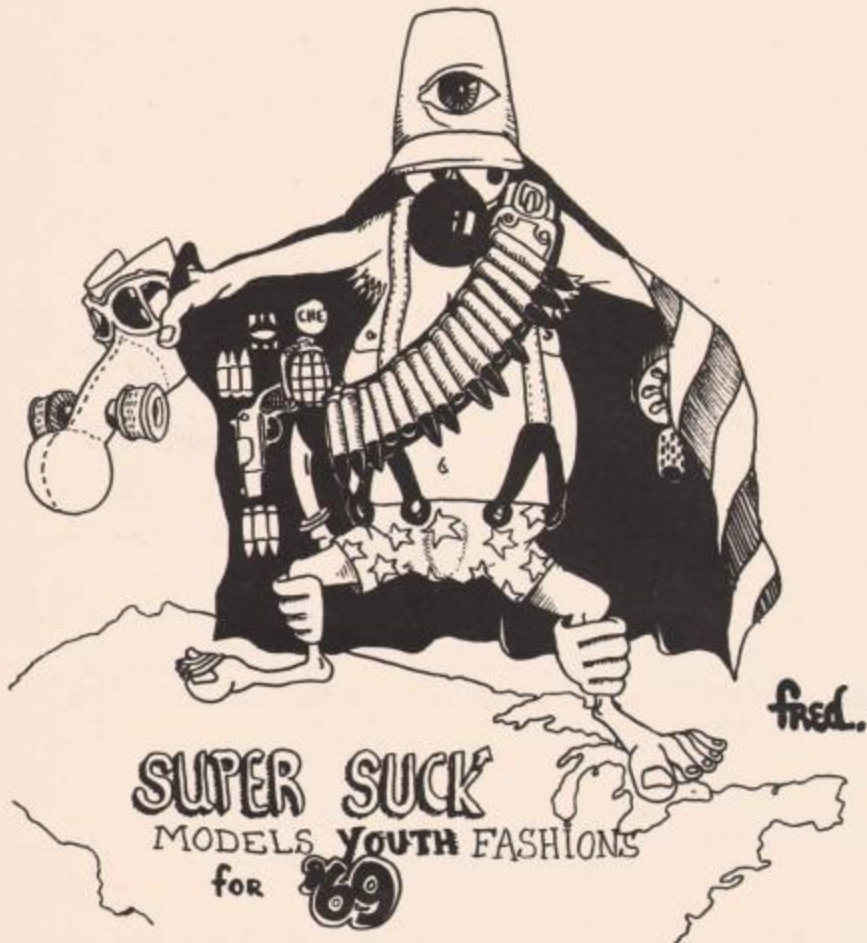
CHRISTMAS 1968
ON THE MASS
IN NIGERIA
PALESTINE VIETNAM
BEAT YOUR MEAT IN A DARK BED
BOYFRIEND WRINKLE AND SHIT IN THE
SNOW
GIRL GO BEE-EYED TO HER MOTHERS COFFIN
CIGARETTES BURNED MY TASTE BUDS YOUTH
BEHIND
THIS AUTO CRASH BROKE MY HIP
BREATHE AT THE SOLAR ECLIPSE
BURNED MY EYEBOWS FOUR DAYS EYEBLINDNESS
STILL ENJOY THANK GOD
ALAS
ALIVE

ALL ODOR
HOT BROTH
THE CLOCKWORKS
NAKEDNESS
DIED IN MY BODY
UNRELIABLE
MEAT
WAVING A CHICKEN
BONE IN A HOSPITAL BED
GET WHATS COMIN' TO YA
ATE
LAST YEAR
LIKE THE CHICKEN STEAK YOU
AN EASY WAY OUT BY METAL CRASH

AND WHO'S LEFT WATCHING
OR EVEN REMEMBERED
THE CAR CRASH
THAT SEVERED
THE SKULL FROM THE WHO GETS OUT
OF THE BODY
WHO'S SHUT IN A BOX OF
SOFT PAIN
WHEN NIGRAM DROPS FROM
THE HEAVENS
ALL OVER THE ABDOMEN
BREASTS AND
CHEEK SKIN
IT FEEL LIKE NOT TO TALK
DIE IN THE BACKSEAT
HOW!

AND TONGUE CUT OUT BY
INHUMAN KNIVES
AND BELLY SWELLS
COW
TONGUE
MAN TONGUE
WHAT DOES
IT FEEL LIKE
DIE IN THE
BACKSEAT
HOW!

These two poems were transcribed
from a tape sent to the
Washington Community by Allen
Ginsberg for the Inauguration Daze.
However, the tape was held up
in the mails and arrived too
late to be used. This is the
first printing of them, with
special permission from the
poet.



WFP, I have a query,
My wife thinks by sniffing my armpit deeply with her nose right up in it that she might possibly be getting somehow high on the Lysergic Acid Di-ethylamide I was on 2 days ago. She says my armpit smells like the salty air of Marblehead, Mass. where she comes from. Is there anything to this possibility known?

Dog, Bags Guitar

Editors:

I am a 30-year-old male suburban-dweller. I want to send Heather Dean loud acclaim for her beneficial "Sexual Caste System" (WFP Jan. 1-15).

I believe in full equality for women and have been trying to pass The Word to everyone in sight for years. ("Your women are tired of dying alive.") Though my sincerity might cause snickers, I believe in this just as deeply, and for the same reason as I wish I could see racial bias banished everywhere forever: in the absence of an unattainable Final Proof of inborn inferiority in one of the races or sexes of humanity, it seems more reasonable -- and far more loving -- to put the idea down as being grounded solely in cultural prejudice.

Now someone has publicly shouted equality with a tell-it-like-it-is approach (a woman undergoes "the murder of her self" and has conferred on her the "dwarf-life of eternal childhood"), with a fuck-commercialism attitude good and proper (her "main function in life will be to buy your products for her home"), with understanding (blame "those forms of indoctrination which infiltrate our personalities on a less conscious level") and with humor (Do they stagger home to wrestle the top off the peanut butter together?").

Thank God for Heather Deans and their perception and courage. My only regret is that the article wasn't written with still more punch and published simultaneously in the Washington Whatchamacallit to be read by all the cats who need it.

Richard O. Repplier

FREE YOU

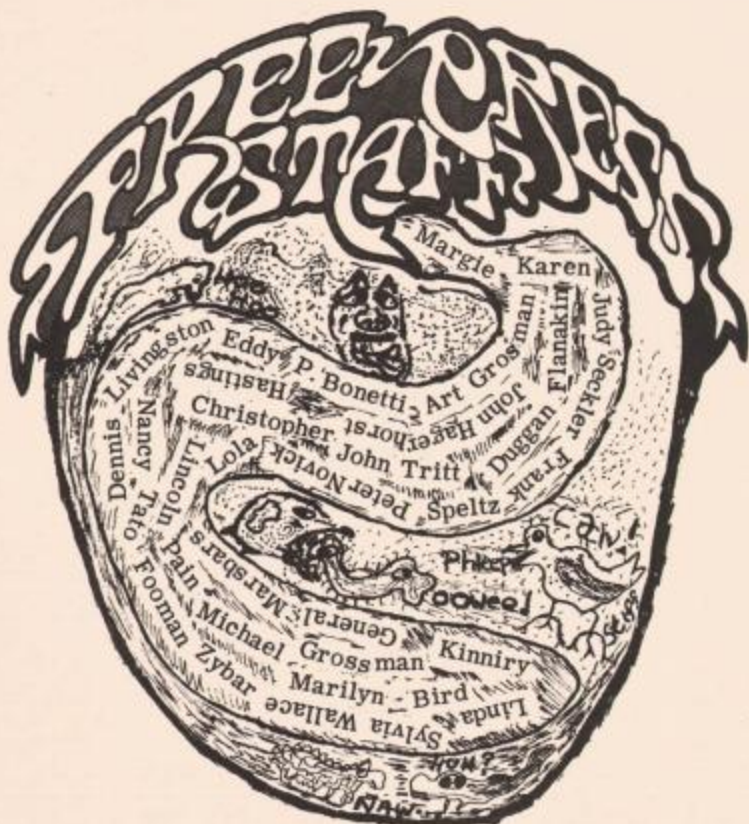


Last semester we started the Washington Area Free University. This semester we want to make it work right, but we need your help. We have started work on our new Spring Semester Catalogue which should be out in early March. If you wish to help, fill in the IBM card. Tear it up and send the pieces along with your name, address and phone number, and a personal note from you telling us what you would like to do.

- A. I do something interesting and would like to share it with others (teach a course). Send me Form 23.
- B. I don't do anything but want to. (Will help.)
- C. I don't do anything interesting and don't want to. (Send money or stamps.)
- D. None of the above.

Answer here: A B C D

Send to: WAFU, 5519 Prospect Place, Chevy Chase, Md. 20015 656-0733.



If this be treason, make the most of it.
(Speech on Stamp Act. May 29, 1765)

YOU CAN BE ARRESTED

TIRED OF THE SAME OLD SHIT?

Community Drug Alert

WARNING to all high school "drug abusers": The Man is out to fuck with your mind, especially if you live in Montgomery County. There is more dope. Theirs. More heat. Uptightness follows. Then what?

ATTENTION: Now appearing in the Montgomery County public schools is a travelling panel of federal, state and county officials, all "experts" on the abuse (and use?) of "dangerous drugs and narcotics" such as marijuana.

SCENE: Montgomery-Blair High School, Tuesday evening, Boy's Gym. A panel of six -- all super-straight. Heads cluster in bleachers in rear.

Sgts. Filio and Glazier are county pigs who specialize as narcs. Filio maintains that to "conquer the menace (of drug abuse)", parents must possess knowledge of and control over their son's and daughter's friends and hangouts. They must be protected from the "drug abuse crowd". Filio suggests parents pump offspring often for information in seemingly innocent discussion.

Robert Stutman is a federal narc (CIA) and may have been seen around D.C. as an undercover "hippie element". He is training the county police in suppression of dope. (His motto -- "apprehend, arrest, convict") He preaches that old tale: grass leads to smack. Stutman terms contradictory evidence the "intellectualization of a vice."

John Phillips is employed by Maryland to rehabilitate (read brainwash/re-educate) the teenage "criminal element". He reiterates Supernarc Stutman and adds an even older lie: that you can become "hooked on the use of marijuana". Phillips then informed the audience that the pothead will invariably be found associating with "immoral and dangerous persons."

Could this mean you?

Common Symptoms of Drug Abuse (from Drug Abuse: Escape to Nowhere)

- A. Changes in school attendance, discipline and grades
- B. Change in the character of homework turned in
- C. Unusual flare-ups or outbreaks of temper
- D. Poor physical appearance
- E. Furtive behavior regarding drugs and possessions
- F. Wearing of sunglasses at inappropriate times to hide dilated or constricted pupils
- G. Long-sleeved shirts worn constantly to hide needle marks
- H. Association with known drug abusers
- I. Borrowing money from students to purchase drugs
- J. Stealing small items from school
- K. Finding the student in odd places during the day such as closets, storage rooms, etc. to take drugs.

The Marijuana Abuser

(These individuals are difficult to recognize unless they are under the influence of the drug at the time they are being observed.)

The Hallucinogen Abuser

(It is unlikely that students who use LSD will do so in a school-setting since these drugs are usually used in a group situation under special conditions.)

Revolution in the High School

The frightened parents seek the advice of these "wise men". The panel suggests that concerned parents who know or merely suspect their progeny of using dope call the police. A small "conference" between the "drug-offender" and the narcs will be held. The youth will be given his freedom when he supplies the pigs with the names of his friends who deal and turn on, which apparently earns him the right to subject himself to psychological counselling (read advanced brainwashing).

The Montgomery County school system works so closely

with the cops that they are clearly only extensions of the police department. The administrations are campus cops, insuring that the "factory" continues production. To further protect you from yourself the State moves closer to home. It seeks to employ you and your parents in an extensive effort to drive the "killer weed" out of the county.

Montgomery County now becomes an experiment in drug eradication. The methods described by the panel resemble those used in more obvious police states. Pigs be-

direct attacks upon our cultural revolution which the established order is fanatically attempting to repress.

Now revolutionary youth must work to unite the political and cultural aspects of the revolution. We must proceed with the destruction of the state which is attempting to defeat us by regaining control of the drug supply, which can then be used in support of the established order (opiates for the materially poor; ups for the spiritually poor; hallucinogens for psychological warfare; and a tightly controlled



come more active, convictions increase and penalties become stiffer. Cultural re-education is stressed, for both adults and youth.

Psychedelic drugs offer invaluable insights into the spiritual reality as well as the physical nonreality. The glimpses of the infinite observed on psychedelics emphasize the absurdity of linear thinking. This realization is essential to increased awareness and spiritual growth.

This psychedelic revolution has given birth to a cultural revolution. We, the youth, are that revolution. We are the revolution, now. We are experimenting with new life styles. We are creating community. Our way of life is antithetical to both the oppressive American culture, the power structure in particular, and threatens both. Drugs represent an important part of our cultural heritage. The efforts of the State to suppress their sale and use are in fact

grass market utilized as a safety valve).

Montgomery County high school students must now begin to prepare a counter-offensive aimed at destroying the connections between the schools and law enforcement agencies. Get stoned. Turn on your fellow students, especially those in the lower grades. Deal. Expand the supply as well as the demand. Drive the prices down. Sell it cheap. It's a worthwhile community service.

Complain to your parents and elected officials. Force your teacher to take a stand. Make the whole fucking administration uptight. Offer spontaneous learn-ins and guerrilla theatre. Leaflet -- openly or anonymously. Organize a student pressure group. Start your own underground newsletter or paper. Find sympathetic speakers and films and try to organize a counter-assembly. It can be in school or after school.

continued on page 22

THE YOUTH MADE THE REVOLUTION & THE YOUTH WILL KEEP IT

The First Amendment has just surfaced at Northwood High (Montgomery County), having done battle with a scared administration (read pigs), uptight that FA did not receive the administration's approval before appearing. The staff can be found at the Student Press Service offices (underground high school press service), 4927 Cordell Ave., Bethesda.

The first issue's apparently self-imposed lack of bite was balanced by reprinting a paper on student rights written by various county administrators, led by the ignominious Digfree

C. Shaw, Big Brother at Walt Whitman. Shaw's unbounding concern for the rights of students to be properly brainwashed dates back to last October. Unexplainably frothing at the mouth, Shaw first wantonly assaulted a staff member of the Free Press, then had him arrested for trespassing (even though staffer was there by invitation).

The pig's paper, up to this point kept out of the reach of the student element, opens by explaining that students can be allowed to think, so long as it is "within the framework of

sound values." Remember them? The paper is pure bullshit. The paper suggests that freedom of speech be curtailed to protect discipline (regimentation). Further, students must be encouraged to play toy government. Wide latitude is given to after school forums, the line being drawn at topics "not educational". What? Deal with controversy or "extremes" in style or dress through "individual advisement and counselling" (psychological warfare). Printed materials may not be distributed by students without the

factory foreman's OK. The last paragraph of the paper announces that from now on the student facing disciplinary action will be allowed to present his side.

UTOPIA?



Why not... The Modern Utopian explores the possibilities from same personal relationships to experimental community.

\$4.00 for one year/samples \$1.00

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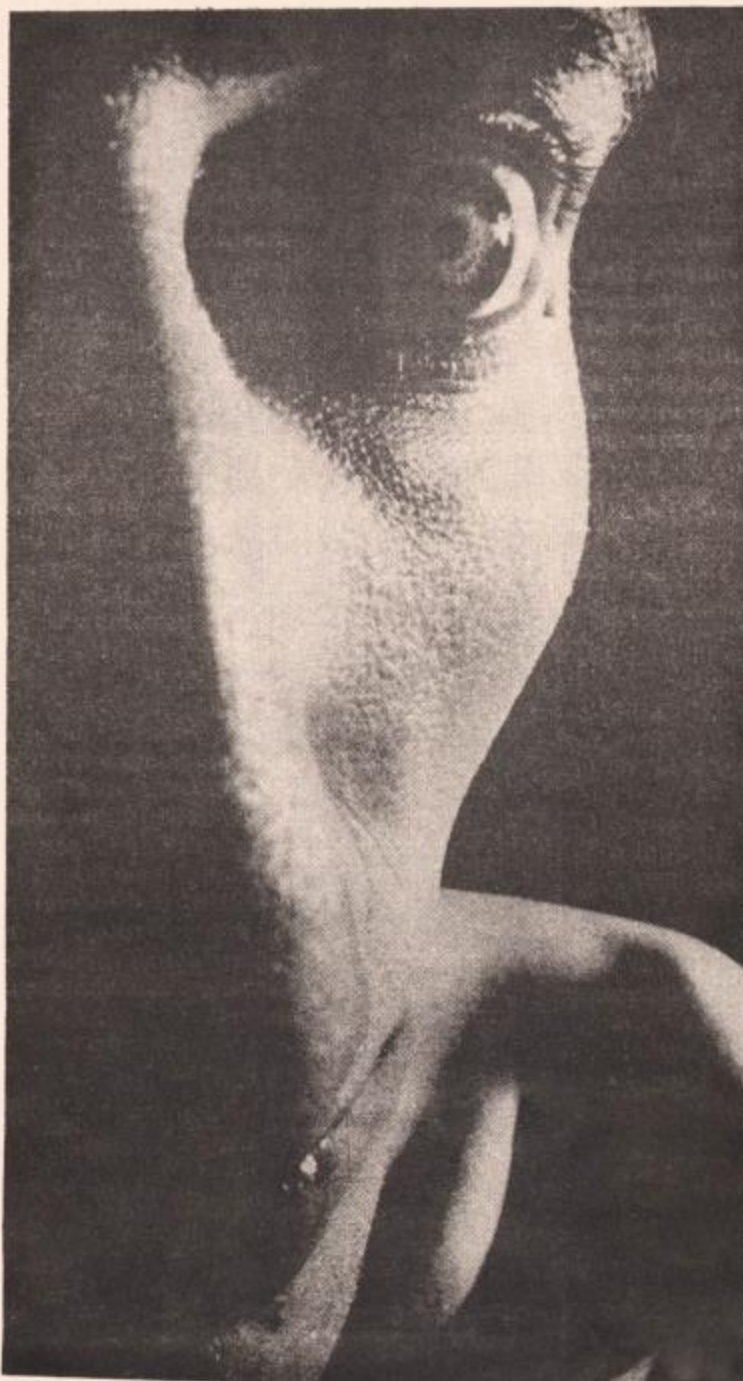
FACES YOU PAIN

by Dan Maziarz

Alcohol * oily skin * heavy makeup *
cheating * pills * wavy blonde hair *
hustler * good times * sex * alcohol *
money * pettiness * alcohol * sex *
pettiness * money * an empty stairway *

Add these together and you have the dull reality of the American middle class. Too pathetic to be tragic, but common enough to be acutely painful. The audience is hurt and amazed by the unmasking of crass human motivations in *Faces*. It is hard to imagine a person leaving this movie without a profound sense of disgust or incredulity at what makes up most of the middle class' attempts to find happiness. They just can not do it. Guilt, pettiness, the double standard, boredom, a pervasive sense of worthlessness and materialism destroy these persons' capabilities to have fun, to break out of themselves and into love or friendship.

Cassavetes as writer and director is merciless. The dialogue and camera constantly focus on human, mundane faces in the act of betraying their humanity. There's no Hollywood here, no glamor stars, no falsies or doctored faces. Each face is stamped with uniqueness, but each is the man on the street. You KNOW every character in the movie. They're your father, mother, friend, acquaintance, boss, fellow worker. YOU. They're all desperately striving to escape from their rut, but in their play they can't help but use their work-a-day tactics. "I know nothing comes for free", says one oily businessman to a fading 28-year old beauty. "How much?" They must drive at work, so they try to drive at play. The laughter is constant, but always forced. In a word, their behavior is actually psychotic. Having been forced into a dehumanized game by their society, they are no longer capable of reacting to normal emotions and needs in a human way. Through-



out the entire movie you say, "no, NO, NO, they're not doing that. He isn't going to hurt her. Why doesn't she respond to her husband's advances? What does she see in that creep? Can't that young man find a better bag than snuggling up to four middle-aged housewives? Why should a sexual affair drive a married woman to suicide? After shacking up with a young chick, how can that man berate his wife for 'cheating'?"

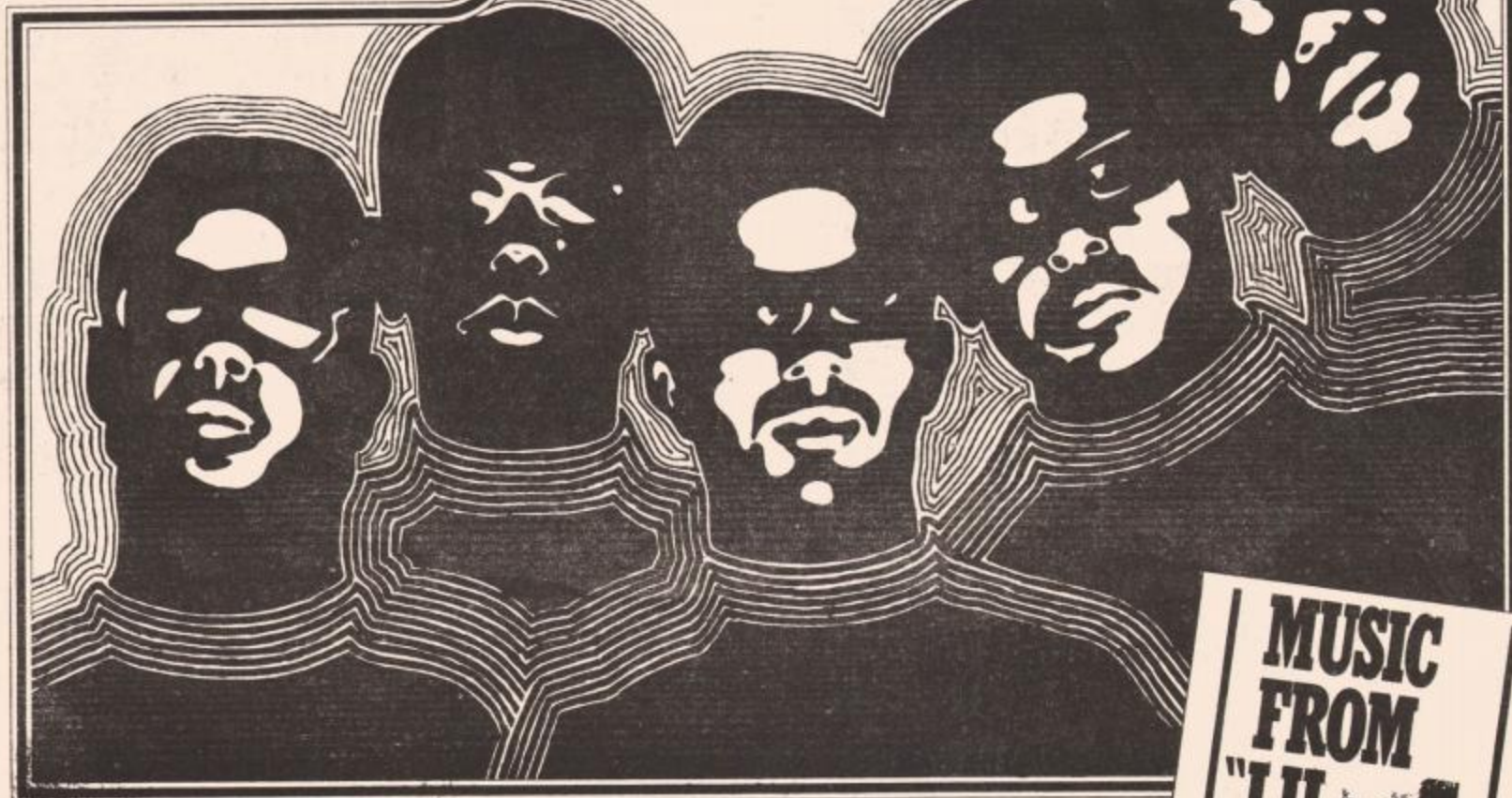
Camera action and editing swept this film into the great category. Throughout *Faces* there is movement either by the camera or actors. This forces the audience to concentrate, truly making them participants. Also, short shots of various aspects of the scene create a montage effect which heighten participation. Finally, the recurrent closeup of the troubled human face subtly pounds the message home. That is the esthetic beauty of Cassavetes; he grips the audience from the beginning, weaves them through the movie with a sound plot, biting dialogue, and good camera technique, then leaves them with an empty staircase. That staircase was almost too bitter to take. Richard (superbly done by John Marley) jumpingly arrives home after an affair. The night before he asked his wife for a divorce, but now you know he didn't mean it. He opens his wife's door as a young man is splitting out the window. He and his wife sit on a stairway where she (talented novice Lynn Carlin) receives his abuse (the sociological double standard come to life). One goes up the stairs, the other down. And that's where it's at -- empty stairs. You feel like shedding tears for them. They are so poor. What awkward attempts! What pathetic faces!

Waste * money * greed * sex *
orgasm * one night stand * hustler *
alcohol * sex * alcohol * forget * alcohol * sex * forget *

You can't forget *FACES*.

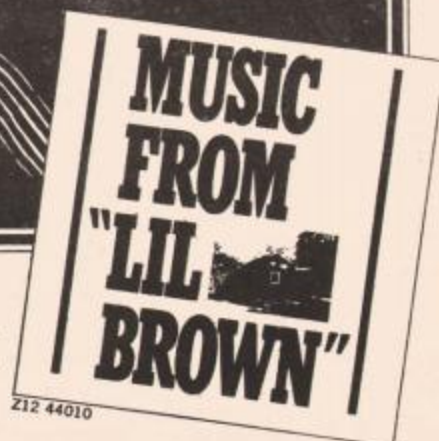
FACES YOU PAIN

Africa



Remember the Fifties? "Earth Angel"? The pure sound of early R&B? Kids huddled in doorways, singing tight harmony? Well, Africa remembered, too. And they wanted to know how it would sound '69 plug-in style.

Africa R&B '69. Listen. *Music from "Lil Brown"* on Records



TOGETHER

Jim Morrison, Jack Casady, Mama Cass, John Phillips, Jorma Kaukonen, Harry (the Sunflower) Vestine, Marvin Gaye (Marvin Gaye?), and probably a whole lot of other prominent people in the business of music are from or have spent a lot of time in Washington. About 400 teeny-bopper bands of all ages are in Washington. Lots of good musicians are in D.C. and most of them don't play more than a couple of gigs a month. And the reason is very simple. There just aren't any places to play.

Now if you are or want to be a professional musician, and you want to stay in this town, you can always get work. You can learn "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy, I Got Love in My Tummy" and everything else on the Top 40 and play teen clubs and the high schools. OR, you can put out singles like "Sally Had a Party" or "Pop Goes the Weasel" and work what few local clubs there are, catering mostly to off-duty soldiers, rednecks, and college kids home from VPI on vacation. OR, you could always be black, or fake being black, learn soul music, and play for all the rich Jewish kids at American and Maryland Universities. OR, lowest of all, you can go play society music ("I Left My Heart in San Francisco") for overage, generally fat, sloppy drunks.

But what do you do if you have something you want to play? A year ago there was the Ambassador Theatre, which itself wasn't much, but at least a place where local groups got a chance. Of course, the Ambassador was so ineptly run that you weren't likely to get paid, unless you were big enough to intimidate the owners, who weren't very big themselves. There's always the Free Press Benefits, but there's also a limit to the number of bands you can get on one stage and benefits don't do much toward lining the stomach or paying for amps. You could always find a basement and lock yourself in it.

Face it though. If you didn't want to

IN WASHINGTON

by R. Greene



Listen for WHFS for information on the WHFS radio benefit Friday, Feb. 7.
8:30-12:00, Mon.-Fri.
9:30-12:00, Sunday
10:00-12:00, Saturday

play for people you wouldn't be a musician. You're not in this business because you want to lock yourself in a closet and fuck your own head. You want to fuck somebody else's head.

At the Counter-Inaugural Ball there were a lot of heads. There were a lot of people who didn't want to listen to a bunch of bullshit speeches or some local jerk playing organizational games with a microphone. And the longer you were there the more impatient you got. So finally the Fallen Angels come on. The Fallen Angels have been in and out of Washington for a long time. And for a long time they have been getting and giving out shit. They had this manager, see. And this manager gets them all kinds of gigs and he gets them a record contract with a record company who probably wishes that they would sound like Tommy James and the Shondells. Well, it seems that they now neither have manager nor record contract. But they do have a very few occasions where they can play whatever they want to play, like the Counter-Inaugural.

So finally the Fallen Angels come on. And they play probably better than they have ever played. And the crowd loves it. Who cares if Jack Bryant has this weird Donovan thing that he likes to do? He's doing it and I'm digging it. And so are thousands of other people. And so maybe that whole tent lifts a couple of inches off the ground.

That's one time. How do you get it together again? It takes a lot, both from the musicians and from the audience. There's a big audience in this area, and a smart audience, too. Smart enough to know that most of the time, when they want to feel music, that the best way for them to do it is not for them to go out and look for a band in this town, but for them to stay home, get stoned, and wear out all their records on their stereo. And there are a lot of good, together, creative musicians here. The way to get it together is to get the two factions in the same place at the same time, to get them together.

If you want to hear "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy", fine. If you don't, you can either buy a bigger stereo, go hear Jimi Hendrix from behind a wall of cops while you're chained into a chair, or you can create a market for local groups. And if you're a local group you can quit waiting for the man from New York to come down and discover you and hand you a fifty-thousand dollar advance, and get out and play for some people. How is not important. And if you can't find a how you can always split town, like Jim Morrison, Jack Casady, John Phillips, etc.



FED UP!

"I'm doing what I love," says former businessman John Lockwood as he stands in the midst of the 170 blind, lame or old and doddering donkeys that he and his wife Kay care for. "I know every one of them by name and I've provided for them when I die." Lockwood arises each morning at 4:30 and spends most of his day shoveling donkey shit and tossing hay because, he says, he got fed up with the human race 12 years ago and decided to devote his life to something else. John's brother is Sir Joseph Lockwood, multimillionaire chairman of the board of Electrical and Musical Industries (EMI), world's largest record company. (EMI owns Capitol Records, has the Beatles' and many others' contracts.

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2 Shows: 3:30 PM & 7:30 PM
Admission \$4 \$5 \$6

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WHERE PEOPLE CARE...ABOUT PEOPLE

high schools

Continued from page 19

especially as the weather gets warmer. Get high and plan a guerrilla action. Be your own guerrilla army. American Fascism sucks. Fuck the system. Maintain independence of action, at the same time fostering closer ties with the rapidly growing Washington community.

Fuck the System.
We are the Revolution.
We are the Forces of the American Liberation.
And all the children are insane.
And the Child is the father of Man.

F. A. L.

NIXON'S BOY

Chief Pinsetter Washington has been reappointed to his post by Richard Nixon, amid glowing praise from the major newspapers, the Washington Board of Trade, the suburban elite, and so forth. But the Washingtonian Magazine conducted a poll of the black community, and discovered that only 39% of the respondents thought Walter Washington was doing a good job -- and the figure was only 26% for those under 21.

DELAWARE:

AMERICA IN MICROCOSM

WILMINGTON, Del. (LNS) -- The power structure of Delaware -- read the duPont Corporation -- used both oppressive and more subtle means to undermine plans for a demonstration against racism and corporate control.

The demonstration was originally planned to demand the removal of the National Guard from Wilmington's black ghetto (it arrived there April 1968) and to demand an end to duPont control of ghetto programs.

Three days before the scheduled demonstration day, Gov. - Elect Russell Peterson announced his plans to pull the troops out of Wilmington.

Before this attempt at cooption, however, the Delaware power structure took more direct actions against the planned demonstration. Many of these attacks were based on the fact that the demonstration had been organized by "outsiders".

People Against Racism, in Detroit, and the Communications Network, in New York, had in fact planned the action when the white community in Wilmington proved unable to take action alone. So the local press (duPont controlled) used the carpetbagger argument, implied that the whole thing was being directed from the SDS national office and raised the spectre of violence.

The NAACP and the local Protestant churches, who were inclined to favor the protest

actions, withheld support when it became clear that their duPont contributions might be cut off.

Local high school students were suspended for talking up the demonstration and the issues it raised in school. Wilmington whites who helped plan the action were overtly threatened with loss of jobs.

The action took place anyway, though with the intimidation, cooption and a freezing rain, the crowd was cut to about 300. The demonstrators chanted, "Hey Hey Ho Ho, duPont Power's Got to Go" and "Free Black Political Prisoners" as they converged on Rodney Square, location of the City Hall, the duPont Hotel and the duPont national headquarters.

The withdrawal of the guard, however, allowed the protestors to concentrate on the broader issues of Delaware as a microcosm of America. Speakers referred to the overwhelming wealth and power of the duPont Corporation, which represents the largest private concentration of wealth in the nation (some \$7.5 billion).

In Wilmington, both newspapers, the leading radio station, three banks, and a vast amount of real estate are either owned directly or controlled by the duPonts.

The speakers also referred to the fact that at least 100 blacks are still being retained

in Wilmington jails as political prisoners. Some were arrested last April and many have been picked off steadily over a period of months.

Many observers felt that the best speaker of the day was David Fine, 16-year old member of the newly formed High School Student Union.

Fine described the oppressive nature of Delaware high schools. Additional high school activities were tacked on to lengthen school hours on the day of the demonstration, so that students could not take part. After the high school union was organized, Fine said, the school sent letters to every parent warning them about such "communist-inspired" activities. David also gave some facts about the role of duPont in the public schools. On one school board, for example, four out of five members are duPont employees, and the fifth member works for a duPont subsidiary. Another and five-man board has three duPont employees and two duPont subsidiary employees.

Press coverage of the Wilmington action like that of the previous day's counter-inaugural protest, was a near blackout. Intelligence police attempted to stop a chartered bus from leaving Washington, D.C. for Wilmington, warning of a "volatile situation". The bus left only after the company was threatened with a suit.

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Boys and Girls:

This week we must report to you that we have awarded the Caramel Center Award to James C. Young of Seattle, Washington. His act: to resign from Local Board No. 1 there in a huff. His reasons make interesting reading.

The 40-year old attorney was chairman of his board, and spent 4 years with the Air Force's Office of Special Investigation. "If we can become involved in Vietnam -- against what I feel is the true will and desire of the people -- then we can become involved in many other things, and sit back and say, 'There's nothing I can do about it.' A lot of parallels have been drawn between us and Nazi Germany. This was the very thing that happened -- where the people, by the time they were involved, always said, 'What could I do about it?'"

The Washington State Director of Selective Service, Navy Captain Chester Chastek, wrote him: "The reports on your performance have been exceptional. You have been liked (sic) and you have been most helpful."

Dig some more of Young: "My fundamental quarrel with it all is that we don't have a stopping point. We cannot compel generation after generation to become men of the military, so that we can go on with police action after police action.

"The test, to me, is one of imminent danger. We really are in no imminent danger when it comes to Vietnam, or the Dominican Republic, to cite another example of where we sent troops. What happens when Vietnam is over? Do we stop drafting? Probably not."

Young favors: ending compulsory military training, abolishing local draft boards, ending student deferments, making the draft and voting age the same, permitting selective conscientious objection, and limiting Selective Service policy making to civilians.

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:

Recently I read where the Supreme Court ruled that all draft exemptions created by Congress are not subject to punitive reclassification (for demonstrating, etc.). What are these exemptions?

Dear Al:

Al Levinson

You are referring to the Oestereich decision. The logic behind the decision is simple: since Congress has ruled that certain classes of people are exempt from induction, no one in those classes may be drafted for any reason by a local board.

Congressional exemptions are: IV-D (ministerial and seminarian), IV-A (sole-surviving sons and veterans), IV-B (elected officials), I-D (reservists), I-S(h) (high school), and II-S (college).

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:

What is the best and cheapest draft counseling manual?

Curious

Dear Curious:

Order the Draft Counseling Manual that is put out by the Midwest Committee for Draft Counseling, 179 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60601. It's one dollar, unless you also want the CCCO's Handbook for Conscientious Objectors (a dollar extra).

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:

I recently wrote my local board asking for form number 150 for conscientious objectors. Here is the text of my letter:

"Please send me Selective Service Form No. 150 to the following address . . . I will return it in 30 days. Thank you, etc."

I have just received by induction notice. What went wrong? Should I still return this 150 or what?

Joseph L. Shaeffer

Dear Joe:

There is a legal distinction between a registrant's writing to his Local Board asking for Form 150 and a registrant's writing his Local Board asking for Form 150 and adding "I am a conscientious objector." A local board cannot issue you an induction notice if you write them saying only "I am a C.O.", but they can issue you one if you say only "Send me Form 150."

The reference here is Local Board Memorandum No. 41, dated September 23, 1968:

"2. What constitutes a claim of conscientious objection -- A registrant should be considered to have claimed conscientious objection to war if he has signed Series VIII of the Classification Questionnaire (SSS Form 100), if he has filed a Special Form for Conscientious Objector (SSS Form 150), or if he has filed any other written statement claiming that he is a conscientious objector."

Recently, several registrants have been inducted because they were not specific enough in their letter requesting a Form 150. The ideal letter is simple: "I object to my present classification of ----. The reason for my objection is that I am a conscientious objector to war. I therefore request that you send me Form 150."

General Marsbars

P.S. (Joe Shaeffer was contacted personally by the General as to what to do about his induction. That part of his advice has been omitted from the above question and answer. Joy Almond)

Dear General Marsbars:

In 1967 my probation officer, in collusion with my parents, had me committed into a private psychiatric hospital. I stayed at this hospital for six months. I was given an administrative discharge by reason of the fact that I was not cooperating with the rehabilitative programs and had had several physical confrontations with my doctor. The point being that a cure was never effected in my case; on the contrary, I had regressed. I am now on parole after being imprisoned for 8 1/2 months. Does any of this add up to a deferment?

Hopefully,

Michael

Dear Michael:

There are two separate issues here: (1) your psychiatric problems; and (2) your imprisonment.

(1) You can do two things here: (a) have the psychiatric hospital send a complete report and diagnosis to the local board to be placed in your file. You have the right to examine your file later on to see if this was indeed done; (b) have another psychiatrist examine you for a period of time and write an extensive report to your local board. I would suggest you do both. Contact the Free Clinic here in D.C. if you cannot find a sympathetic psychiatrist in your home town. Call (202) 638-4301.

(2) Have a complete police record sent to your local board to be placed in your file. Examine your file to make sure this is done. Get your probation officer to make a report also. Get people you've offended or been incorrigible to write letters badmouthing you. They'll love it and so will you.

General Marsbars

Dear General Marsbars:

How come no women ever get to serve on local boards? I thought women had equal rights now since 1964.

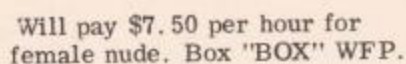
SALLY PETERSON

Dear Sally:

Oh, but they do serve! As of June 1968, there were 61 women serving as board members and 14 as Government Appeal Agents.

Also, in July 1968 the number of Negroes serving on boards was 788, as compared to 278 in January 1967. Other minority groups: As of July 1968, there were 487 Spanish Americans; 53 American Indians; and 56 Orientals. (Taken from Selective Service, August 1968 issue.)

GENERAL MARSBARS



Part-time student and musician does professional house ptg. & plastering at min. rates; expr. & references. 638-4301 (Switchboard -- leave message for Mike.)

Creative people interested in mixed-media projection ideas needed. We need photographers, electrical technicians, motion picture photographers etc. Call 659-9399 and rap with us.

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Arena Stage is looking for a musical director for its interracial improvisational theatre company which will tour local neighborhoods and play for small audiences of children and teenagers. Must be able to play piano or electric guitar. Must be able to improvise under theatre scenes. Must be well-versed in acid-rock, soul, folk, jazz and classics. Must be able to score and arrange for five voices.

Black professional, 25, desires girl with very liberal morals who who is willing to enjoy the Taboo things in society. Will not blow or eat, however. Box 2-B. WFP

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Lonely girl wants to meet new people and make friends. Brenda 654-5426

Two terribly insecure boys need to be comforted by two or more competent, understanding young women 16-17. Please reply Box 1003.

Black male nude willing to pose, model and be photographed by female only. 5'7", 150 lbs., and 8 inches. Also will give massage to female only. \$5 per hour. No homos or fags, please. BOX1-A. WFP.

European man wants to meet girl able and willing to share interest in sex, painting, and world travel. Box 1000.

I am looking for a girl or woman who likes unnatural things. No phonys please. Call Nelson 332-4150.

Young male slave, extremely good looking, desires female master, any age, call 431-2483 after 10 pm. Mike.

Bob Troy call home.

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Since the philosophy is to turn on the young people to their own creativity, Arena Stage is especially interested in young social-activist musical directors who are familiar with and love children, youth and the theatre scene. Rehearsals start Feb. 10, 1969. Program is now scheduled to go through July 6, 1969, with an excellent chance of being continued through the year. Write me immediately: Robert Alexander, Arena Stage, 6th and M Sts., SW Washington, D. C. or call (202) 347-0931.

Any girl or woman looking for
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We are looking for creative people to work in mixed media. Photographers, electric technicians, film makers. We have an outlet for creative ideas -- Call 659-9399 and rap with us.

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MUSIC AND ART WORKSHOPS.
Luther Place Church. Every Saturday beginning at noon. Bring your own equipment.
PSYCHEDELICS-- Psychological and Anthropological Views. Free University of Georgetown. Lutheran Church. Wisconsin and Volta. First meeting of the new semester. 8:30pm. Everyone welcome. Free.
REGISTRATION for classes at the Jewish Community Center, 16th and Q St., NW. Classes in Conversational Hebrew, Yiddish, Art, Folk Guitar, Israeli Folk Dancing, and Concepts in Judaism. All groups meet on Tuesday or Thursday evenings. Registration open to all. Call Du 7-6162.

WORKSHOP

Free Music

IMPROVISATION. Harold Clayton, composer-musician, will present an improvisational composition. The first part he will divide his playing time between a grand piano and 30 weird percussion instruments. This will all be taped and the tape will accompany him in the second part. The Corcoran Gallery Auditorium. 17th and New York. \$1. Feb. 8. & 9.
ALI AKBAR KHAN, sitarist, George Washington U, Lisner Auditorium. Contact Washington Performing Arts Society for tickets. 8:30pm. Feb. 8.
BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS. and **DAVID FRYE.** George Washington University, Lisner Auditorium, 8:30 pm. \$3.50 Feb. 15.
WEAM TEAM MUSIC SHOW, Sheraton Park Hotel, 2660 Conn. Ave. Feb. 14-16.



GEORGETOWN DO-IN. Come and paint, eat, listen, and see! Underground movies, records, folk singing, and more. Do your own thing. Dumbarton Methodist Church, 3133 Dumbarton Ave., NW. Feb. 1.

CONFERENCE. Clergymen and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam. **First Day:** 10:30 am. Senator George McGovern will speak. In the afternoon there will be lecture discussion groups. In the evening Hiber Conteris, authority on the Third World will speak on "Latin America, Vietnam, and Revolution." **Second Day:** Members will visit their representatives in Congress. In the evening David Harris will speak. **Third Day:** In the morning there will be workshops on the Catonsville Nine, A New Party, and others. Noon, there will be a closing worship followed by a religious procession to a government building to honor deserters, exiles, and political prisoners. The public is invited to all the events of the three days. AME Metropolitan Church, 1518 M St. Feb. 3-5.

PARTY. Another Free Press Wing-ding! Yea! Come one, come all! American University, Collier Room, 8:30 pm. \$1. Feb. 8.
TEACH-IN on The Police. Speakers being invited include J. Edgar Hoover, Paul Jacobs, Senator Fred Harris, Rep. Joel Broyhill, Rev. Channing Phillips, Julius Hobson, Arthur Waskow. Movies of Chicago and other police-people clashes will be shown. Feb. 14. Center for Emergency Support, 387-0951.
COFFEEHOUSE. Iguana Coffeehouse. Every Friday 9-1. Every Saturday 9-12. 50¢ On Feb. 1 Lee Gaffny, folksinger. Luther Place Church.

LECTURES

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUSSIA and EASTERN EUROPE. Michael Zarechmak, assistant professor of Slavic languages. Georgetown U. All Souls' Church, 16th and Harvard. 9:45 am. Feb. 2.

LITERARY PROGRAM. Gedde Smith, "A Knickerbocker Portrait," dramatic reading based on the life and writings of Washington Irving. Coolidge Auditorium of the Library of Congress. 8:30 pm. Free. Feb. 3.

HAROLD STASSEN will speak at American U, New Lecture Hall. Reception afterwards. 8 pm. Free. Feb. 6.

CONCEPT OF A NEW RELIGION. Institute of Natural Science, 1726 Conn. Ave. 8pm. \$2 if you have it, if not, free. Feb. 6.

CANADA UNDER TRUDEAU. Staff member of the Canadian Embassy. All Souls' Church. 1 pm. Feb. 9.

TELEVISION, RADIO, AND MUSIC. Dr. Peter Adler will lecture in German. Embassy of Switzerland, 2900 Cathedral Ave. For tickets call 667-4971. Feb. 12.

DESTINY OF MAN. A discussion of the self you could be, should be, and can be. Institute of Natural Science, 1726 Conn. Ave. NW. 8 pm. \$2 if you have, free if you don't. Feb. 13.

AFRICA, ASIA, and the DEVELOPMENT DECADE. Reed J. Irvin, Advisor for International Finance, Board of Governors, Federal Reserve. All Souls' Church, 16th and Harvard, 9:45 am. Feb. 16.



SUMMERTREE. A memory play about the past events which pass through a young boy's mind as he lies wounded in Vietnam. American University Theatre, Mass. and Neb. Ave., NW. For tickets call 244-6333. Feb. 13.

SUNDAY DRIVE by Michael Morris, grad student of Catholic U. The play is "a satirical comedy done in surrealistic technique" whose target is the American family. Ward Hall Auditorium, CU, 8:30. For tickets call la9-6000, ext. 358. Feb. 1-14.

FILMS

THE CRANES ARE FLYING. Film will be shown at Corcoran Gallery Auditorium, 17th and New York Ave. Music and refreshments after. 8 pm. \$1 Post Stalin romantic drama. Feb. 6.

MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. Film will be shown at U of Maryland, Student Union Ballroom, 7 and 9 pm on Feb. 8 and 9. 7:30 on Feb. 10. 35¢
FILM FESTIVAL. Freshman class of American U. New Lecture Hall. 7 and 9:30 pm. \$1 per person, \$1.25 per couple. Feb. 8.

FILM FORUM. "Civil Liberty--A Fragile Commodity," featuring Mobe-Yippie Chicago film, "The Seasons Change," plus three others. Also, "It's About That Carpenter," "Two Men and a Wardrobe," "Heritage of Freedom." Sponsored by Federal Employees for a Democratic Society. American University, Hurst Hall, Rm. 206, 8 pm. \$5 for year's membership. (\$8/couple). Call Ju7-5048.

SERVICES

BLACK HISTORY--A Christian Perspective. First in a series of twelve. New York Ave. Presbyterian Church, 1313 New York Ave. 9:30 am. Feb. 2.
ETHICAL CULTURE'S NEXT CENTURY--Platform for a Movement. Edward L. Ericson, Leader, Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., NW. 10:45 am. Feb. 2.
CONTEMPORARY WORSHIP with excerpts from *No Exit*. Luther Place Church. 1 pm. Feb. 9.
DOING MY HUMANE THING--Concerns of an Inner City Worker. Robert King, Director of Columbia Heights Community Association. Washington Ethical Society, 7750 16th St., NW. 10:45 am. Feb. 9.

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